

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## ANECDOTES OF OSTRICHES.

Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks, or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?

Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust;

And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wilde beast may break them.

She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers; her labor is in vain, without fear.

Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.

FIELD'S Bible, 1653.

THE alleged stupidity of the ostrich and indifference to its young, is, perhaps, the very oldest popular error in existence, and it is principally founded on the above passages in Job. It appears, however, that these passages are open to a different interpretation to that put upon them in the authorized versions of the Old Testament. The word which has been translated "leaveth" her eggs, in the sense of abandoning them, signifies in the original "deposits," and *tehammadem* signifies actively that she heateth them, namely, by incubation, which is indeed the fact. In the sixteenth verse, the bird is said to be "hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers;" and the same want of affection is alluded to in the third verse of the fourth chapter of Lamentations, "The daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness;" but, in fact, the idea is altogether erroneous. Recent observations show that no bird has a greater affection for its young than the ostrich, that the eggs are carefully watched and tended, and when the offspring have chipped their shells, and for some days are unable to run, they are regularly supplied with grass and water by the old birds, who are eager to defend them from harm. Thunberg especially mentions that he once rode past a place where a female was sitting on her nest, when the bird sprang up and pursued him, evidently with a view of preventing his noticing her eggs or young. Every time he turned his horse towards her, she retreated ten or twelve paces, but as soon as he rode on again, she pursued him, till he had gone a considerable distance from the place where he started her.

The idea of the stupidity of the ostrich seems to have been universally entertained, being taken for granted without investigation. Job, as we have seen, alludes to it; and Pliny, writing from common report, says, "A wonder this is in their nature, that whatsoever they eat—and great devourers they be of all things without difference or choice, they concoct and digest it. But the veriest fools they be of all others; for as high as the rest of their body is, yet if they thrust their head and neck once into any shrub or bush, and get it hidden, they think then they are safe enough, and that no man seeth them." Many a pretty nursery tale has been written from this, and many a wise saw founded on it; and yet the hiding of the head is, after all, a mere myth. Sparrman, when in South Africa, expressly inquired in those parts where ostriches most abound, and "never once heard mention made of the ostrich hiding its head when it finds it cannot make its escape." The

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truth is, the ostrich does nothing of the sort; he tries to escape as well as he can, and continues his efforts, till knocked on the head by the hunter, or driven by him, as we shall presently see, to a place where he may be captured.

Conflicting accounts have been published respecting the whole process of breeding and incubation of the ostrich. *Ælian* states that as many as eighty eggs have been found in one nest,\* fifty or sixty have been certainly discovered, and the question has been whether these are the produce of one female or of many.

The balance of opinion inclines to the belief that one male ostrich attaches himself to three or four females, and that all these deposit their eggs in one nest. This, according to *Burckhardt*, who carefully investigated the subject, is commonly made at the foot of some isolated hill, by the simple process of scratching a hole in the sand; the eggs are then placed close together, half buried in the sand, and a narrow trench is drawn round this to carry off any water. During the extreme heat of the day, the parent birds are instinctively aware that the warmth of the sun renders their attention unnecessary; but as soon as the shades of evening fall they each take their turn upon the nest. The cockbird, however, sits during the night, and *Lichtenstein* says that great numbers of the smaller beasts of prey, as jackals and wild cats, who will run any risk to procure the eggs, are found crushed to death around the nests; for the male rushes on them, and tramples them with his powerful feet until life is extinct.

The nests are never completely deserted, and the parent birds relieve each other in keeping watch on the summit of the neighboring hill. When the Arabs desert an ostrich thus engaged, they conclude that some eggs must be near; and on their approach, the old birds retire, although it is not uncommon, especially in South Africa, for them to show fight. Having discovered the nest, the Arabs dig a hole in the ground near it, in which they place a loaded gun, having a long burning match fastened to the touchhole; the gun is pointed towards the nest, and is carefully covered over with sand and stones. The birds after a time return and resume their places on the eggs; the gun in due time explodes, and next morning the Arab is rewarded by finding one or perhaps both of the ostriches dead. This is the common mode of killing them practised in the deserts of Northern Arabia.

It is said that some addled eggs are generally found outside the nest, and that the, dies bred by their decomposition, furnish the callow young with food. Such may be the case, and if so, it affords a striking illustration of that happy adaptation of means to ends visible throughout the whole economy of nature; but probably the primary reason for these being ejected from the nest is, that more eggs are laid than can be conveniently covered by the bird when sitting, and that she therefore instinctively throws out the surplus; thus at once getting rid of a useless superabundance, and pro-

\* *Ælian. Hist. Animal., lib. xiv., c. 7.*

viding a magazine of food for her future tender young.

Various are the purposes to which ostrich's eggs are applied:—First, they are in great favor as a culinary luxury, and are much sought after by the captains of merchant vessels touching at the African ports, being purchased by them of the slave herdsmen, whose perquisites they generally are, for about sixpence each. A good sized egg weighs eleven ounces, is near seven inches in depth, and holds five pints and a quarter; consequently it is considered to afford a meal which will perfectly satisfy four hungry white men, or eight of the more moderate blacks. The yolk is very rich and luscious, and makes a most enviable omelette, but gourmands agree that the native mode of cooking them is perfect. The Hottentots bury the eggs in hot ashes, and, through a small hole in the upper end, the contents are continually stirred until they acquire a certain consistence, which the sable cooks know by experience indicates the right moment for removing them from the ashes to the sackcloth, which covers the traveller's primitive table. They are then eaten with biscuit and washed down with copious draughts of corn brandy.

The eggs are frequently found to contain small oval pebble-like bodies, about the size of a marrowfat pea of a pale yellow color and exceedingly hard. Barrow found as many as twelve in one egg; and they are converted into buttons by the dandified Hottentots, and perhaps also the Boers.

The porcelain character of the shell and its shape, well adapt it for cups, and such vessels are frequently elegantly mounted in silver, and sometimes in chased gold. The ancient Egyptians used them in their places of worship, and, together with the plumes, insisted on their forming part of the tribute paid by conquered countries where ostriches abounded. They were probably suspended in the temples, as they still are in the Coptic churches, the Copts regarding them as emblems of watchfulness.

When the allied sovereigns were in London, in the days when the prince regent was in full possession of his powers of entertainment, and we may add of appetite, a marvellous and unaccountable evaporation of oil took place nightly in the murky lamps, which then served to make darkness visible. In vain were the lamps replenished—they would go out, and the glass receptacles were invariably found empty. The contractor was in despair; the churchwardens took the matter up, and the minds of the parishioners were as gloomy as their streets. One night, however, the mystery was unexpectedly cleared up. A worthy old watchman or "Charley," as the class was familiarly called, comfortably wrapped in his sixteen-caped great coat, feeling himself tired with his exertions in informing the sleeping world that it was "past ten o'clock and a cloudy night," sat down on a step in the shade to take five-and-twenty winks, but just as he was composing his thoughts previous to dropping off, he was startled by seeing a strangely dressed, bearded figure approach a lamp, and, after a hasty look round, actively swarm up the post, take out the lamp, snuff the wick with his fingers, and drink the oil! Here was a discovery! Away posted the guardian of the night and reported what he had seen, but the inspector roundly told him that he must have been either drunk or asleep, for he shrewdly remarked, "Taint likely that them beggars of furriners, would go a-drinking ile when

they could get brown stout or Tipper Hale." Notwithstanding the utter improbability of the thing, a watch was set, and sure enough it turned out that the mysterious strangers were the Cosacks, who nightly indulged in deep libations of train-oil at the parish expense.

A not less puzzling disappearance of oil took place some years ago from the lamps in a certain Eastern church, and so pertinaciously did the lamps go out, that the priests felt a supernatural influence, and, apprehending something terrible, gave orders for a general penance and scourging of backs. The minds as well as the backs of the obedient congregation were, however, infinitely relieved by the accidental discovery (by a dispeptic priest who could not sleep through heart-burn) that the extinguishing of the lamps was attributable to natural and not, as feared, to supernatural causes. A colony of rats had taken up their quarters in the church, and, following the example of the gallant Captain Dalgetty, looked at once to the procuring of "provend." An enterprising member of one of the foraging parties scrambling down a rope by which one of the lamps was suspended, was fortunate enough to hit upon some uncommonly nice oil. The news of this glorious discovery spread, and all the rats chorused,

Black rats and white, brown rats and gray,  
Scramble down the lamp-rope, ye that scramble may.

Accordingly, the colony flocked to these oleaginous mines with as much eagerness as another description of colonists are now flocking to mines of gold. The result has been described, but in the end the rats were no match for the priests, who, as soon as the rogues were found out, lighted upon the expedient of passing each of the ropes through an ostrich egg. A most effectual and tantalizing barrier was now opposed to the predatory excursions of our furry friends. In vain they sniffed and squeaked; each, as he attempted "to round the cape," slid off the smooth egg and was smashed on the stones beneath.

The ostrich is a very prudent, wary bird, for which reason the quaggas generally attach themselves instinctively to a troop of these birds, trusting implicitly to their caution for the discovery of danger. This alliance was remarked by Xenophon, who says, "The country was a plain throughout, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood. Of wild creatures the most numerous were wild asses (quaggas), and not a few ostriches, besides bustards and roe-deer (gazelles), which our horsemen sometimes chased!"\*

This bird was not sacred among the ancient Egyptians, but there is reason to believe that it was so with the Assyrians. It has not only been found as an ornament on the robes of figures in the most ancient edifices at Nimroud, but it was frequently introduced on Babylonian and Assyrian cylinders, always accompanied by the emblematical flower. The Romans appear to have regarded it as a delicacy, for Apicius left a receipt for a particular sauce for dressing it; and it is recorded of Heliogabalus, that he had the brains of six hundred of these birds served up as a dish at one of his feasts. But in trencher feats the pseudo-emperor Formius far outdid either, as it is related by Vopiscus that he devoured a whole ostrich to his own share at a single sitting.

It was broadly asserted by Aristotle, that the

\* Xenophon, *Anabasis*, lib. 1, c. 5.

ostrich was partly bird and partly quadruped; and by Pliny, that it might also be said to belong to the class of beasts; ridiculous as such assertions might be supposed, they were not altogether without foundation according to the knowledge of the times. The common name by which the ostrich was designated by the Greeks and Romans, and also by the nations of the East, was the *camel bird*. Indeed, the total want of feathers on its long and very powerful legs, and the division of the feet into two toes only, connected at their base by a membrane, are very similar to the legs and long divided hoof of the camel; nor does the resemblance cease here, for there is another singularity in their external conformation, which affords a still more remarkable coincidence. Both camel and ostrich are furnished with hard, callous protuberances on the chest, and on the posterior part of the abdomen, on which they support themselves when at rest, and they both lie down in the same manner, by first bending their knees, then applying the anterior callosity, and lastly the posterior, to the ground. When to this we add the patience of thirst of both, and their inhabiting the same arid deserts, the two may well be compared with each other.

The ostrich is altogether destitute of the power of flight, and accordingly the wings are reduced to a very low state of development, merely sufficient, in fact, to aid it when running at speed. The sharp keel of the breastbone, which, in birds of rapid flight, affords an extensive surface for the attachment of the muscles moving the wings, is not required, and the surface of the bone is therefore flat, like that of a quadruped, but the muscles of the legs are of extraordinary magnitude.

The family of birds, of which the ostrich forms the leading type, is remarkable for the wide dispersion of its various members; the ostrich itself spreads over nearly the whole of the burning deserts of Africa—the Cassowary represents it amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Indian Archipelago. The Dinornis, chief of birds, formerly towered among the ferns of New Zealand, where the small Apteryx now holds its place; and the huge *Aepyornis* strode along the forests of Madagascar. The Emu is confined to the great Australian continent, and the Rhea to the southern extremity of the western hemisphere; whilst nearer home we find the class represented by the Bustard, which, until within a few years, still lingered upon the least frequented downs and plains of England.

With the Arabs of the desert, the chase of the ostrich is the most attractive and eagerly sought, of the many aristocratic diversions in which they indulge; and we are indebted to General Daumas for a highly interesting account of their proceedings. The first point attended to is a special preparation of their horses. Seven or eight days before the intended hunt they are entirely deprived of straw and grass, and fed on barley only. They are only allowed to drink once a day, and that at sunset—the time when the water begins to freshen; at that time, also, they are washed. They take long daily exercises, and are occasionally galloped, at which time care is taken that the harness is right, and suited to the chase of the ostrich. “After seven or eight days,” says the Arab, “the stomach of the horse disappears, while the chest, the breast, and the croup remain in flesh; the animal is then fit to endure fatigue.” They call this training *techaha*. The harness used for the purpose in question is lighter than

ordinary, especially the stirrups and saddle, and the martingale is removed. The bridle, too, undergoes many metamorphoses; the mountings and ear-flaps are taken away as too heavy. The bit is made of a camel rope, without a throat-band, and the front-let is also of cord, and the reins, though strong, are very light. The period most favorable for ostrich-hunting is that of the great heat; the higher the temperature the less is the ostrich able to defend himself. The Arabs describe the precise time as that, when a man stands upright, his shadow has the length only of the sole of his foot.

Each horseman is accompanied by a servant called *zemmal*, mounted on a camel, carrying four goat-skins filled with water, barley for the horse, wheat-flour for the rider, some dates, a kettle to cook the food, and everything that can possibly be required for the repair of the harness. The horseman contents himself with a linen vest and trousers, and covers his neck and ears with a light material called *havuli*, tied with a strip of camel's hide; his feet are protected with sandals, and his legs with light gaiters called *trabag*. He is armed with neither gun nor pistol, his only weapon being a wild olive or tamarind stick, five or six feet long, with a heavy knob at one end.

Before starting, the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. These birds are generally met with in places where there is much grass, and where rain has recently fallen. The Arabs say, that where the ostrich sees the light shine, and barley getting ready, wherever it may be, thither she runs, regardless of distance; and ten days' march is nothing to her; and it has passed into a proverb in the desert that a man, skilful in the care of flocks and in finding pasturage, is like the ostrich—where he sees the light there he comes.

The hunters start in the morning. After one or two days' journey, when they have arrived near the spot pointed out, and they begin to perceive traces of their game, they halt and camp. The next day, two intelligent slaves, almost entirely stripped, are sent to reconnoitre; they each carry a goat-skin at their side, and a little bread; they walk until they meet with the ostriches, which are generally found in elevated places. As soon as the game is in view, one lies down to watch, the other returns to convey the information. The ostriches are found in troops, comprising sometimes as many as sixty; but at the pairing time they are more scattered, three or four couple only remaining together.

The horsemen, guided by the scout, travel gently towards the birds; the nearer they approach the spot the greater is their caution, and when they reach the last ridge which conceals them from the view of their game, they dismount, and two creep forward to ascertain if they are still there. Should such be the case, a moderate quantity of water is given to the horses, the baggage is left, and each man mounts, carrying at his side a *cheboute*, or goat skin. The servants and camels follow the track of the horsemen, carrying with them only a little corn and water.

The exact position of the ostriches being known, the plans are arranged; the horsemen divide and form a circle round the game at such a distance as not to be seen. The servants wait where the horsemen have separated, and as soon as they see them at their posts, they walk right before them: the ostriches fly, but they are met by the hunters.

who do nothing at first but drive them back into the circle; thus their strength is exhausted by being made to continually run round in the ring. At the first signs of fatigue in the birds the horsemen dash in—presently the flock separates; the exhausted birds are seen to open their wings, which is a sign of great exhaustion; the horsemen, certain of their prey, now repress their horses; each hunter selects his ostrich, runs it down, and finishes it by a blow on the head with the stick above-mentioned. The moment the bird falls, the man jumps off his horse, and cuts her throat, taking care to hold the neck at such a distance from the body, as not to soil the plumage of the wings. The male bird, whilst dying, utters loud moans, but the female dies in silence.

When the ostrich is on the point of being overtaken by the hunter, she is so fatigued, that if he does not wish to kill her, she can easily be driven with the stick to the neighborhood of the camels. Immediately after the birds have bled to death, they are carefully skinned, so that the feathers may not be injured, and the skin is then stretched upon a tree, or on a horse, and salt rubbed well into it. A fire is lit, and the fat of the birds is boiled for a long time in kettles; when very liquid, it is poured into a sort of bottle made of the skin of the thigh and leg down to the foot, strongly fastened at the bottom; the fat of one bird is usually sufficient to fill two of these legs; it is said that in any other vessel the fat would spoil. When, however, the bird is breeding, she is extremely lean, and is then hunted only for the sake of her feathers. After these arrangements are completed, the flesh is eaten by the hunters, who season it well with pepper and flour.

Whilst these proceedings are in progress, the horses are carefully tended, watered, and fed with corn, and the party remain quiet during forty-eight hours, to give their animals rest; after that they either return to their encampment, or embark in new enterprises.

The fat of the ostrich is used in the preparation of the favorite dish *kouskousson*, and it is often eaten with bread. It is also used medicinally. In cases of fever, for instance, the Arabs make a paste with it and bread crumb, which is given to the patient, who must not drink anything during the whole day. In rheumatism, and in renal diseases, the painful parts are rubbed with the grease until it disappears. The patient then lies down in the scorching sand, his head being carefully covered, and a profuse perspiration ensuing, the cure is often complete. In bilious attacks, the fat is melted, salted, and taken in draughts, with powerful effect, the patient even becoming extremely thin. The Arab doctors say, "the patient parts with everything in his body that is bad, gains a frame of iron, and acquires excellent eye-sight."

Ostrich fat is sold in the markets, and in the tents of the great a store is kept to give away to the poor; in value, one pot of this fat is equivalent to three pots of butter. The feathers of the ostrich are sold at the *ksours*, at Tougartet; at the time of the purchase of grain, the ostrich-skins are brought, that of a male selling for four or five *douars*, that of the female from eight to fourteen shillings. Formerly, the only use made in the Sahara of the plumes was to decorate the tops of tents.

To the Arab the chase of the ostrich has a double attraction—pleasure and profit; the price obtained for the skins well compensates for the expenses.

Not only do the rich enjoy the pursuit, but the poor, who know how to set about it, are permitted to participate in it also. The usual plan is for a poor Arab to arrange with one who is opulent for the loan of his camel, horse, harness, and two thirds of all the necessary provisions. The borrower furnishes himself the remaining third, and the produce of the chase is divided in the same proportions.

The use of ostrich fat in medicine dates back to a very remote period; and Pliny relates that, on a certain occasion, when Cato, surnamed *Uticensis*, was accused of selling poison, because "he held cantharides at threescore sesterces a pound at the same time ostrich grease was sold for eighty sesterces the pound; and, in truth, it is much better for any use it shall be put unto than goose grease!"

In the quaint account of "The world encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," there is a curious description of the mode of hunting ostriches, as practised in those days at the Cape. The history is written by "Mr. Francis Fletcher, preacher in this employment," and he thus begins. "Ever since Almighty God commanded Adam to subdue the earth, there hath not wanted in all ages some heroic spirits, which, in obedience to that high mandate, either from manifest reason alluring them, or by some secret instinct enforcing them thereunto, have expended their wealth, employed their times, and adventured their persons, to find out the true circuit of the world." The worthy chaplain being safely arrived at the Cape goes on to say, "In this place, the people being removed up into the country, belike for fear of our coming, we found near unto the rocks, in houses made for that purpose, great store of ostriches, at least to the number of fifty, with much other fowl; some dried, and some in drying, for their provision, as it seemed, to carry with them to the place of their dwellings. The ostriches' legs were in bigness equal to reasonable legs of mutton; they cannot fly at all; but they run so swiftly, and take so long strides, that it is not possible for a man in running by any means to take them, neither yet to come so nigh them as to have any shot at them with bow or piece. Whereof our men had often proof on other parts of that coast, for all the country is full of them. We found there the tools or instruments which the people use in taking them. Amongst other means which they use in betraying of these ostriches, they have a great and large plume of feathers, orderly compact together upon the end of a staff; in the forefront bearing the likeness of the head, neck, and bulk of an ostrich; and in the hinder part spreading itself out very large, sufficient being holden before him to hide the most part of the body of a man. With this it seems they stalk, driving them into some strait or neck of land close to the sea-side; where, spreading long and strong nets, with their dogs, which they have in readiness at all times, they overthrow them, and make a common quarry."

The ostrich, like many other of the feathered tribe, has a great deal of self-conceit. On fine sunny days, a tame bird may be seen strutting backwards and forwards with great majesty, fanning itself with its quivering, expanded wings, and at every turn seeming to admire its grace, and the elegance of its shadow. Dr. Shaw says that, though these birds appear tame and tractable to persons well known to them, they are often very



fierce and violent towards strangers, whom they would not only endeavor to push down by running furiously against them, but they would peck at them with their beaks, and strike with their feet; and so violent is the blow that can be given, that the doctor saw a person whose abdomen had been ripped completely open by a stroke from the claw of an ostrich.

The cry of the ostrich has been compared to the voice of a lion, but when fighting they sometimes make a fierce, angry, and hissing noise, with their throats inflated, and their mouths open. Dr. Shaw often heard them groan, as if in the greatest agonies, a peculiarity alluded to in Micah i. 8, where it is said, "I will make a mourning like the *jaanah* (ostrich);" though the word has been improperly translated owl.

A remarkable illustration of the strength of the ostrich is afforded by an incident mentioned by Adanson, which took place during his residence at Podor, a French factory on the southern bank of the river Niger. "Two ostriches, which had been about two years in the factory, and, although young, were nearly of their full size, were so tame that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest. No sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village, as it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing his passage. This sight pleased me so much, that I ordered it to be repeated, and, to try their strength, directed a full-grown negro to mount the smallest, and two others the largest. This burden did not seem at all disproportioned to their strength. At first, they went a tolerably sharp trot, but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings, as though to catch the wind, and moved with such fleetness, that they scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Most people have, one time or other, seen a partridge run, and consequently must know that there is no man whatever able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine that, if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with this advantage; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in England. It is true, they would not hold out so long as a horse, but they would undoubtedly be able to go over the space in less time. I have frequently beheld this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the prodigious strength of an ostrich, and of showing what use it might be of, had we but the method of breaking and managing it, as we do a horse."

We are much mistaken if there was not an exhibition of ostrich races in a circus at Paris about two years ago; the birds being ridden by boys, who managed their feathered steeds with great dexterity.

To have the stomach of an ostrich has become proverbial, and with good reason; for this bird stands envially forward in respect to its wonderful powers of digestion, which are scarcely inferior to its voracity. Its natural food consists entirely of vegetable substances, especially grain; and the ostrich is a most destructive enemy to the crops of the African farmers. But its sense of taste is so obtuse, that scraps of leather, old nails, bits of tin, buttons, keys, coins, and pebbles, are devoured with equal relish; in fact, nothing comes amiss. But in this it doubtless follows an instinct, for these hard bodies assist, like the gravel in the

crops of our domestic poultry, in grinding down and preparing for digestion its ordinary food. Its fondness for iron was well known to our forefathers, and we find Shakespeare makes *Jack Cade* say to *Iden*, in the "Second Part of Henry VI.,"

But I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin.

An earlier writer, John Skelton, who was poet laureate to Henry the Seventh, alludes to an idea then prevalent, that the ostrich swallowed iron for the same purpose that ices are taken in these degenerate days. The lines are taken from his poem "The Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe,"

The estrype that wyll eate  
An horshowe so great  
In the stede of meate,  
Such feruent heat  
His stomake doth feat,  
He can not well fly  
Nor synge tunably.

But there was another and far less selfish reason ascribed for the partiality of these birds to iron—a reason so philanthropic, indeed, that it puts mankind to the blush; for there are few, indeed, who would convert their interiors into a marine store shop for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. In a singular book, by Thomas Scott, published in 1616, a merchant meets with an ostrich in the desert, in the act of swallowing a heavy meal of iron, and, gazing on him with astonishment, inquires,

"What nourishment can from these mettals grow?"

The ostrich answers: "Sir, I do not eate  
This iron, as you think I do, for meate;  
I only keep it, lay it up in store,  
To helpe my needy friends, the friendlesse poore.  
I often meete (as farre and neere I goe)  
Many a foundred horse that wants a shoe,  
Serving a master that is monylesse,  
Such I releive and helpe in their distresse."

*Philomythie, &c.*

There was found by Cuvier, in the stomach of an ostrich that died at Paris, nearly a pound weight of stones, bits of iron and copper, and pieces of money worn down by constant attrition against each other, as well as by the action of the stomach itself. In the stomach of one of these birds which belonged to the menagerie of George the Fourth, there were contained some pieces of wood of considerable size, several large nails, and a hen's egg entire and uninjured, perhaps taken as a delicacy from its appetite becoming capricious. In the stomach of another, beside several large cabbage-stalks, there were masses of bricks of the size of a man's fist. Sparrman relates that he saw ostriches at the Cape so tame that they went loose to and from the farm; but they were so voracious as to swallow chickens whole, and trample hens to death, that they might tear them in pieces afterwards and devour them; and one great barrel of a bird was obliged to be killed on account of an awkward habit he had acquired of trampling sheep to death. But perhaps the most striking proof of the prowess of an ostrich in the eating way, is that afforded by Dr. Shaw, who saw one swallow bullet after bullet as fast as they were pitched, scorching hot, from the mould.

In a very amusing article in the eighty-eighth number of "Household Words," there are mentioned some of the "wonderful swallows" of an ostrich, which was not long since in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. A carpenter was one

day at work in a stable, the side of which was open to a corner of the cage of the ostrich. A pretty nursery-maid chanced to pass that way, and the carpenter, having engaged her in conversation, ceased his work for a while, and stood smiling and chatting with his hand behind him, in which he held a gimlet he had been using. His back was towards the cage. The ostrich observed the gimlet, saw that it was nice, and, darting forth his head and long neck between the bars, snapped it out of the carpenter's hands. The man turned hastily round, but before he could make an effort to regain his gimlet, the ostrich gave a toss with his head, the gimlet disappeared, his neck made a stiff arch for a moment, and the gimlet was safely down.

But the performances of the bird were not to cease with this feat; his reputation was to have other facts to rest upon. Not long after he saw a young gentleman standing near his cage, displaying to a friend a knife which he had just purchased, —it was a many-bladed knife. Directly the ostrich caught sight of this, he knew that it must be very good indeed. Watching his opportunity, he made a sudden dart upon it, and caught it in his beak. The gentleman made a rush at the bars of the cage, but the ostrich, taking a long stride back, stood out of reach with an insolent straddle in the middle of his cage, and, with one jerk of his neck, bolted the delicious curiosity.

The keepers watched the bird, and examined his cage very narrowly for a long time; but no traces of his preposterous fancies were ever restored to sight, neither did the ostrich appear in any degree incommoded.

Three months after these performances, the ostrich, from some unknown cause or other, got into a bad state of mind with the bars of his cage, and in a contest which ensued, he broke his beak. His death speedily followed, and a *post mortem* examination was speedily made, but no trace whatever either of the gimlet or the many-bladed knife was discovered in any part of his wonderful interior.

One of the predecessors of this bird at the Gardens had the ill-luck to suffer from his taste for such delicacies as gimlets and many-bladed knives, for he had such difficulty in bolting something of the sort, that his neck never recovered the unnatural curve it then acquired. His lady mate regarding this as an outward and visible sign of effeminacy unworthy of an ostrich, never ceased from that moment to show her contempt by teasing and worrying him in every possible way, and this system of hen-pecking persecution was carried to such an extent, that it was found necessary to separate the pair, without consulting the authorities of Doctors' Commons.

Far different was the behavior of a gallant male in the Jardin des Plantes. He with his spouse had long lived in connubial felicity, when, unfortunately, the skylight over their heads having been broken, a triangular piece of glass fell, and was instantly snapped up by the female, who regarded it as an acceptable offering. Soon after she was taken ill, and died in great agony. Her body being opened, the throat and stomach were found dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass. But now comes the pathetic portion of the tale. From the moment that he found himself bereft of his mate, the survivor had no rest. Day and night the poor bird was incessantly searching for her, and gradually wasted away. He was removed from the spot, in the hope that in new scenes

his grief would be forgotten; but no! the arrow had entered into his soul; his fruitless, unavailing search after his lost one still continued, so long as strength enabled him to pursue it, and then, literally constant unto death, he laid himself down and died.

The feathers of the ostrich, which play such an important part in adorning the persons of the living, and decorating the funereal processions of the dead, are distinguished in the trade of the *plumassier* by several qualities; those of the male are the whitest and most beautiful, and the feathers of the back, and above the wings, hold the first place; next, those of the wings, and lastly those of the tail. The down, varying in length from four to fourteen inches, is merely the feathers of the other parts of the body, and is black in the males, gray in the females. The finest white feathers of the female have always their ends a little grayish, which lessens their lustre and lowers their price. The feathers are imported from Algiers, Tunis, Alexandria, Madagascar, and Senegal; the first obtaining the highest price, the last the lowest.

The first thing is to scour the feathers, which is done by tying them in bundles, and rubbing them well with the hand in a lather of soap and water, after which they are rinsed in clean hot water. They are then bleached by washing first with Spanish white, then are passed quickly through a weak solution of indigo, and the process is completed by exposing them to the fumes of sulphur, after which they are hung upon cords to dry. As much of the beauty of ostrich feathers depends upon their graceful pliability, they generally require to be scraped with glass, to render them pliant; and the curly form so admired, is given by drawing the edge of a blunt knife over the filaments. They are then dyed. The process of dying black needs no preparation; but for receiving the other colors it is necessary that they should be bleached by exposure to the sun and dew; and a bleaching ground presents a very singular appearance, seeming, for all the world, as if it was bearing a luxuriant crop of feathers, ready to be mown; for each feather is stuck singly in the grass, and left for fifteen days, after which it is ready to receive the most delicate shades of pink or other color.

By the natives the feathers are little used; but a curious statement is made by Captain Lyons, to the effect that at all the towns of Sockna, Hoon, and Wadan, it is customary to keep ostriches tame in stables, and to take three cuttings of their feathers every two years; and he adds, that the greater part of the fine feathers sent to Europe are from tame birds; as the plumage of the wild is generally so ragged and torn, that not above half a dozen perfect white feathers can be found in each. We have not been able, however, to verify this assertion.

To all Englishmen the triad of ostrich feathers has a peculiar charm as the especial crest of the Prince of Wales. Romantic is the history connected with this well-known badge, which, in its adoption, was sorely stained with blood; for at the battle of Cressy no quarter was given, and nearly forty thousand good men and true, of the best blood of France, then yielded up their lives. But of all the sad incidents that occurred that day, there was none more touching than that which marked the closing scene of the life of the brave old King of Bohemia, whose crest was the ostrich

plume. Barnes, in his "History of Edward the Third," thus describes it:—"And first the Marquis Charles, Elect Emperor, resisted the Prince with great courage, but his banner was beaten to the ground, his men slain miserably about him, and himself wounded in three places of his body; wherefore, though not without much difficulty, he turned his horse and rode out of the field, having cast away his coat armor, that he might not be known. The meanwhile his father, John, King of Bohemia, who was son to the noble Emperor, Henry of Luxemburg, although he was nearly blind with age, when he understood how the day was like to go, asked his captains what had become of the Lord Charles, his son? They told him that they knew not, but that they supposed him somewhere in the heat of action. Then the good old king, resolving by no means to disgrace his former victories and cancel the glory of his youth by a degenerate old age, said unto them, 'Gentlemen, you are my men, my companions and friends in this expedition. I only now desire this last piece of service from you—that you would bring me forward so near to these Englishmen, that I may deal among them one good stroke with my sword.' They all said they would obey him to the death; and, lest by any extremity they should be separated from him, they all with one consent tied the reins of their horses one to another, and so attended their royal master into battle. There this valiant old hero had his desire, and came boldly up to the Prince of Wales, and gave more than one, or four or five good strokes, and fought courageously, as also did all his lords and others about him. But they engaged themselves so far that there they were all slain, and the next day found dead about the body of their king, and their horses' bridles tied together.

"Then were the arms of that noble king (being the ostrich feathers, with the motto 'ICH DIEN,' signifying 'I SERVE,') taken and won by the Prince of Wales, in whose memory they have ever since been called the Prince's Arms."

It appears, however, that the same device had been previously worn by a former sovereign, "For," says Guillim, in his "Display of Heraldry," "the ostrich feathers in plume were sometimes also the device of King Stephen, who gave them with this word, 'VI NULLA INVERTITUR ORDO: No force alters their fashion;' alluding to the fold and fall of the feather; which howsoever the wind may shake it cannot disorder it; as likewise is the condition of kings and kingdoms well established."

The death of the blind old King of Bohemia recalls to mind an incident which occurred at the battle of Waterloo, and which displays, in a remarkable degree, chivalric bearing. During the heat and fury of the fight, a very distinguished British cavalry officer, who had lost his right arm in one of the Peninsular actions, led on a dragoon regiment to the charge. In the *mêlée* which followed, he found himself opposed to a powerful French officer, who had raised his sword to hew him down. But suddenly perceiving the helplessness of his antagonist, who made shift to manage his sword with his left hand, holding the bridle between his teeth—the gallant Frenchman suddenly paused, brought his sword to the "salute," bowed, and galloped on to meet some foe more worthy of his prowess. The English officer, who survived the battle, made great exertions to discover who the French officer was, but was never

able to obtain the slightest clue; probably a sabre or a bullet, less merciful than he, had stretched him on the field.

The great swiftness of the ostrich depends not merely upon the length and strength of its legs, or the aid it receives from its plumed wings, but we must take into consideration, in addition, the fact that its bones, like those of other birds, are permeated by air, and are thus lighter than those of animals. The feathers, too, are peculiar; instead of the shaft being, as is commonly the case, unsymmetrically placed as regards the barbs, it is exactly in the middle, and the barbules are long and loose. The accessory plume, too, is wanting in the ostrich. In the emu, on the contrary, the accessory plume equals the original feather, so that the quill supports two shafts; and in the cassowary, besides the double feather, there is also a second accessory plume, so that the quill supports three distinct shafts and vanes.

To Mr. Charles Darwin ornithologists are indebted for the knowledge of the fact, that there are two distinct species of ostrich inhabiting South America. The first is the *Rhea Americana*, a well-known species abounding over the plains of Northern Patagonia and the provinces of La Plata. It has not crossed the Cordillera, but has been seen within the first range of mountains on the Uspallata plain, elevated between six and seven thousand feet. These birds, though generally feeding on vegetable matter, have been seen to go in groups of three and four to the extensive mudbanks, which are then dry, at Bahia Blanca, for the purpose of catching small fish, and they will readily take to the water. Mr. King saw ostriches on several occasions swimming from island to island at Port Valdes, in Patagonia, and the Bay of San Blas. When swimming, very little of their bodies appears above water; their progress is slow, and their necks are extended forward. On two occasions Mr. Darwin saw ostriches swimming across the Santa Cruz river, where it was about four hundred yards broad and the stream rapid. Mr. Darwin went out hunting one day at Bahia Blanca, the men riding in a crescent, each about a quarter of a mile apart from the other. A fine male ostrich, being turned by the headmost riders, tried to escape on one side. The Ganchos pursued at a reckless pace, twisting their horses about with the most admirable command, and each man whirling the "bolas," or balls, round his head. At length the foremost threw them revolving through the air; in an instant the ostrich rolled over and over, its legs fairly lashed together by the thong. These balls can be thrown from on horseback to the distance of eighty yards, and a striking proof of their effect was afforded at the Falkland islands, when the Spaniards murdered all the English and some of their own countrymen also. A young Spaniard was running away, when a great tall Indian, Luciano by name, came at full gallop after him, shouting to him to stop, and saying that he only wanted to speak to him. The Spaniard, distrusting him, continued his flight, and just as he was on the point of reaching the boat, Luciano threw the balls. They struck him on the legs with such a jerk as to throw him down and render him for some time insensible. After Luciano had had his talk, the man was allowed to escape, but his legs were marked with great wheals, as if he had been flogged with a heavy whip.

The second species to which the name of *Rhea Darwinii* has been applied by Mr. Gould, takes the

place of the former species—*Rhea Americana*, in Southern Patagonia, the part about Rio Negro being neutral ground. The first notice Mr. Darwin had of this species was in accidentally hearing the Guachos talking of a very rare bird, the Avestruz Petise; afterwards, when among the Patagonian Indians in the Straits of Magellan, Mr. Darwin found a half-bred Indian who had lived some years with this tribe, but had been born in the Northern Provinces. On being asked if he had ever heard of the Avestruz Petise, he answered by saying, "Why, there are none others in these southern countries;" and afterwards, many of these birds were seen, their distinctive characters being that they are light brown in place of gray, and the bird altogether smaller than the *Rhea Americana*.

In the year of grace, 1839, there was brought from New Zealand, by Mr. Rule, a most hopeless-looking osseous fragment, just the middle of a thigh-bone, without a scrap of either end remaining. This, which most persons would have regarded with despair, was placed in the hands of the great authority in such matters, with a request that he would state to what creature it had belonged.

After a careful examination, Professor Owen, in a paper read before the Zoological Society, on the 12th of November, 1839 (and which paper is one of the most remarkable examples of acute inductive reasoning ever published), announced that, "So far as my skill in interpreting an osseous fragment may be credited, I am willing to risk the reputation for it on the statement that there has existed, if there does not now exist, in New Zealand, a Struthious Bird, nearly, if not quite, equal in size to the ostrich."

This announcement created not a little stir in the scientific world; but as three years passed away without any confirmation of the opinion, certain wise men looked extra wise, and pronounced that the professor for once "had made a mistake." But a triumphant vindication was at hand, even from so unpromising a spot as Poverty Bay, in the shape of two goodly boxes crammed full of bones, which looked as if they were the remains of some antediluvian picnic, where the giants of those days had been picking the scaffolding of the contents of a Brobdignagian pie; and the curiosity connected with the said bones was heightened by a delightfully mysterious history communicated with them by the gentleman from whom they were sent. For the respectable natives, speaking of course by the card, had informed him that the bones belonged to a family of extraordinary monsters, one of whom was still in existence in an inaccessible cavern on the side of a hill near the River Wairoa, and that, like the lady in the fairy tales, this creature was jealously guarded by a sort of huge lizard or dragon. Mr. Williams treated these stories as idle fables, but some time after was a little staggered by a sort of corroboration of the tale; for happening to speak to an American about these bones, he was told by him that the bird was still in existence in the neighborhood of Cloudy Bay, in Cook's Straits, and that the natives there had mentioned to an Englishman of a whaling party, that there was a bird of extraordinary size, to be seen only at night, on the side of a hill near there. Our countryman, with a companion and native guide, went to the spot on murderous thoughts intent, and after waiting some time, they saw the creature at a little distance, towering to

the height of something like sixteen feet. One of the men was said to have proposed to go near and take a shot at it, but the other was so utterly terrified that they contented themselves with looking; and, after a time, the monster took the alarm, and, in almost seven-league boots, strode away up the side of the mountain.

Professor Owen soon determined that the bones sent to him were portions of a gigantic bird allied to the ostrich, and the publication of this announcement, stimulating inquiry in New Zealand, box after box, full of interesting specimens, found their way to the College of Surgeons, and proved the existence, at no very remote period, in the Island of New Zealand, of at least six different species of *Dinornis* (as the bird has been named), the largest certainly not less than ten feet in height; and, in the eloquent words of the professor, "without giving the rein to a too exuberant fancy, we may take a retrospective glance at the scene of a fair island, offering, by the will of a bountiful Providence, a well-spread table to a race of animated beings peculiarly adapted to enjoy it; and we may recall the time when the several species of *Dinornis* ranged the lords of its soil—the highest living forms upon that part of the earth. No terrestrial mammal was there to contest this sovereignty with the feathered bipeds before the arrival of man."

But what has become of all these huge birds, for we no longer hear of able seamen or nervous natives being scared by their apparitions? In all probability they gradually became exterminated by the earliest colonists who set foot on this lovely portion of the globe. Conspicuous as to size, heavy in form, stupid, and unprovided with means of escape or defence, the *Dinornis* would easily fall a victim to the destructive arts of man; and although strong hopes to the contrary have been entertained, there is good reason to suppose that all the varieties of the race have been extinct for very many years; consequently the mysterious inhabitant of the cave, and the apparition that strode up the mountain side, were doubtless legends that had descended from generation to generation from the distant ancestors of the aborigines of the island. There is to be seen in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a considerable portion of the skeleton of a *dinornis*, mounted by the side of that of a large ostrich, above which it towers in the same proportion as its neighbor O'Brien, the Irish giant, towers above all ordinary men.

Gigantic though these New Zealand birds must have been, they were fully equalled in size by a race of birds coeval with them in the island of Madagascar; and it is remarkable that our chief knowledge of the existence of these is derived from that most fragile and perishable of their products—their eggs.

In 1850, M. Abadie, captain of a French merchantman, was at Madagascar, and observed one day, in the hands of a native, an egg of enormous size, perforated at one extremity, and used as a basin for various domestic purposes. His curiosity was excited, and he caused search to be made, which led to the discovery of a second egg, of nearly similar size, which was found perfectly entire in the bed of a torrent, among the *débris* of a land slip; and soon after a third egg was found in alluvia of recent formation, all being in the condition termed sub-fossil or fossilized. These precious remains were transmitted to Paris, but so carelessly



packed that one was found on their arrival broken to atoms; the other two being happily sound. Casts of these marvellous eggs have been transmitted to Professor Owen, and we can only compare them to huge conoidal cannon-shot. In fact, in these days of cylindrico-conoidal bullets, they might well pass for such a projectile adapted for a sixty-eight pounder. Some idea of their dimensions may be formed from the following facts. The dimensions of the most oval egg (for they differ somewhat in form) are as nearly as possible thirteen and a half inches in length by nine in diameter; and to fill it would require the contents of six ostrich eggs, seventeen of the emu, one hundred and forty-eight of the hen, or fifty thousand of the humming bird! Various fragments of bones were transmitted to Paris with the eggs, and the comparative anatomists have arrived at the conclusion, that the bird approached the ostrich in its main characteristics, but was of a less slender make than it, and was probably about six times bigger than the largest known bird of that class! To it the term *Aepyornis* has been applied; the epithet *Maximus* being appropriately given to the species to which the bones examined belonged.

From the Spectator.

#### CAPTAIN EGERTON'S WINTER'S TOUR IN INDIA.\*

THE chief characteristic of this book is its being the record of the first journey in India made without any other purpose than to fulfil the traveller's destiny and "see strange things." Captain Egerton rambled through Ceylon, visited Calcutta, went to Nepal, looked in upon the celebrated cities of Hindostan, and returned via Bombay, pretty much as the mass of tourists steam up the Rhine, cross the Alps into Italy, and come back through France. Definite object, even in the way of amusement, he had not; and his rapid rate of travelling prevented him from successfully attempting field-sports, since, even in the wildest region, great game—as elephants, buffaloes, tigers—cannot be had for the asking; an Indian Nimrod must keep as many huntsmen as a British game-preserver employs keepers, and then bide his time. The gallant sailor, however, managed to get over a good deal of ground, and to see a great many things and people. His own connexions in the cities, Indian hospitality among the British in the out-stations, and English prestige among the natives, threw everything open to him. He went in state with Residents to visit Rajahs, and was entertained with their barbaric gold and pearl and their more barbaric amusements; he "did," as he says, the sights; he saw a little of sporting; he observed the country when he did not travel by night; and he accomplished it all, including voyage out and home, in little more than seven months.

The want of object, and the rapid mode of progression, give a slight and superficial character to the book generally. When the things which come before Captain Egerton possess interest in themselves, they lose nothing from his manner of presenting them; but the reader gets somewhat weary of the detailed and day-by-day account of ordinary

matters, one of which is a type of all, especially as they are seldom relieved by remark. Incessant reflection, indeed, in the "preachee preachee" style, is worse than none; still it is difficult to imagine a man travelling through so many strange regions and finding so little to observe. The topic was probably out of the captain's way; the best remarks he hazards relate to war and weapons. The narrative is very transparent. The character of the writer shines through every page; frank, hearty, sailor-like, without much profundity, and without any of that reserve which harsh experience and hard knocks beat into a man.

Captain Egerton shows how much may be done in a winter by those who have money, leisure, good introductions, and a vigorous constitution; and he adds precept to induce others to follow his example. The organ of locomotion, however, should be strong in a man before he undertakes so extensive a trip without some special purpose in view. The gallant officer has been used to have his rest broken and "tumble up" at the word of command; a nautical life, moreover, fits a man to take things as they come, and pass at once from all the luxuries to a state of discomfort. Gentlemen who have been accustomed to live at home at ease, and when they travel to be equally easy in first-class carriages, would not relish dāk travelling for a continuance, or the broken rest and continual demand upon their exertions, necessary for Captain Egerton's rate of journeying. A more limited trip to indulge a liberal curiosity might be managed with little fatigue when the mind was made up to travelling by dāk. If care be taken to arrange the times of arrival and departure, not much inconvenience will be experienced from the heat.

From this mode of travelling, Captain Egerton fell in with a great number of the Company's servants, men of varied characters and various pursuits, who not only pick up a good deal in the course of their official experience, but learn much after their own way. One of the strangest tales he got hold of was from Colonel Sleeman, the Resident at Lucknow. If true, it is another example of the danger of doubting classical stories; for here, as the captain remarks, is something like confirmation of Romulus and Remus.

After breakfast we all stopped at home, scribbling and playing at billiards, &c. Colonel Sleeman told us a singular story of the carrying off and "educating" of children by wolves in this neighborhood. Some time ago, two of the King of Oude's suwars, riding along the banks of the river Goomptje, saw three animals come down to drink. Two of them were evidently young wolves, but the third was some other animal. They rode up and captured the whole three, and to their great surprise found that the doubtful animal was a small naked boy. He was on all fours like his companions, had callosities on his knees and elbows, evidently caused by the attitude used in moving about, and bit and scratched his captors as any wolf might have done. The boy was brought in to Lucknow, and after a long time to a certain extent tamed. At first he could not speak at all, but he seemed to have a dog-like facility for finding out what was meant by signs. He lived some time at Lucknow; but what became of him I don't know. Another boy found under somewhat similar circumstances lived with two English people for some time. He learnt at last to pronounce one word, the name of a lady who was kind to him; but his intellect was always clouded, more like the instinct of an animal than the mind of a human being. There was another more wonderful but less well authenticated story, of a boy

\* Journal of a Winter's Tour in India; with a Visit to the Court of Nepal. By the Honorable Captain Francis Egerton, R. N. With Illustrations. In two volumes. Published by Murray.

who, after his recapture, was seen to be visited by three wolves one evening. They came evidently with evil intentions; but, after examining him closely, he apparently not the least alarmed, they fraternized with him, played with him, and subsequently brought the rest of the family, until the wolves were five in number; which was also the number of the litter the boy had been taken from. A curious part of this story is the statement, that this boy always had about him, in spite of ablutions, &c., a strong wolfish smell. This story my informant did not vouch for; but he said he knew of five instances of his own personal knowledge.

Here is a sketch of riding through the streets of Benares.

On our going away, each person was invested with a large collar of sweet-smelling flowers, a remnant of the old custom of making presents to visitors. The elephant was called into requisition, and we proceeded on our tour. Our mount was a very fine she-elephant, with a small head (a great point), the upper part of her trunk and her forehead of a cream color, and a magnificent fringe to her tail (another great point). As we went along, we got rid of our long garlands, by presenting them to the numerous Brahminy bulls which infest the streets of Benares. It was amusing enough, passing along the narrow streets, to stare into the first-floor windows, with which we were generally on a level. Sometimes the elephant would come in contact with a slight verandah-like awning, common to the houses here. Down that came of course. Then, again, we were reminded of our position by a sudden contact with a cornice, or with the angle of a house; for we were seated Irish-car fashion on a large pad, with our legs dangling over the side or resting on a movable foot-board, made so to avoid its being broken by contact with the walls. On our way, the elephant kept a bright look-out for number one. No green-grocer's shop escaped without a contribution. One counter looked very tempting; so she pretended that one of the eternal Brahminy bulls was in her way; in the mean while she swept off a whole heap of grain. At another place she disturbed the domestic economy of a whole shop full of greens, much to the dismay of the proprietor, and the amusement of the passers-by. The Brahminy bulls are a great nuisance. Fat and pampered, they crowd every street, temple, and alley, and will hardly get out of one's way. Sacred as they are, however, they do not always get off scot-free; and the Mussulmans, whenever they dare, give them a hearty blow or a good poke, while Europeans drive their buggies straight at them.

There is nothing like new scenes and new circumstances for bringing out the qualities we possess. Ladies who would hardly go alone in England travel great distances in India through all kinds of apparent risks—such is habit.

An anecdote of a tiger adventure was told me at Gyah. A young lady travelling alone in a palkee was surprised at finding herself, palkee and all, suddenly dropped, the bearers bolting at a particularly smart pace. Looking out, she saw it was only a tiger quietly walking about, some twenty yards off. She had the sense and presence of mind to shut the palkee doors, and to remain perfectly still, probably a little alarmed. In process of time, the bearers returned with torches and loud yells, and no more was seen of the tiger. It is by no means unusual for ladies, even young unmarried ladies, to travel alone in India, or, at all events, without any male friends. Our friend of the seventy wagons told me he once met at a dāk bungalow two young ladies just from England, travelling up-country entirely unprotected. They had come some hundreds of miles without difficulty or annoyance (though not understanding a word of the

language), and were going some hundreds more. Fortunately, he had a friend with him, who was going the same way, an old bachelor, who volunteered to escort them on their road for some distance, at least. The bearers must be a well-behaved set of men to admit of such proceedings, wretched and ragged as they look.

#### THE IMPATIENCE AND DESPAIR OF YOUNG LIFE.—

We contemplate with much amusement the numbers of worthy, middle-aged individuals, cheerful, respectable authors, or hard-working men of business, merry old bachelors, or happy fathers of families—all of whom were in their youth the wretchedest of mortals, talking perpetually of "misery" and "self-destruction." It seems ridiculous now, but it was awfully real at the time. It is no more than a phase of mind which almost every one goes through (except those worthies untroubled with any brains at all, who generally pass through life quite comfortably, and are the most "jolly" people imaginable.) But for those others, whose spirits must meet and endure this bitter ordeal, they should be dealt with tenderly, and borne with patiently, until the trouble ends. It is the finer portion of all finer natures; the restless want, the vague aspiring, the perpetually striving for perfection in poetic dreamings—in idle love-fancies, inconstant as air, each seeking after something diviner or more beautiful, which is never found; in knowledge, or in the frenzied dissipation of pleasure, all alike ending in nothing, until the only truth of life seems to be that bitterest one of Solomon the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" This is, perhaps, the story of every human mind in which shines one spark of the fire of genius; the story's beginning, but, thank God! not necessarily its end. Many a great, strong spirit has passed—and all can pass—out of the cloudy void into a clear day. Shakespeare, who must once have felt, or he could not have painted, young *Hamlet*, reached at last the divine height where, in the universal poet, we lose all trace of the individual man; and he who once wrote "The Sorrows of Werter," lived to be that great Goethe who, from his lofty calm of eighty-two years, could look back on what was, as near as any human life could be, a perfect and fulfilled existence.—*The Head of the Family.*

DREAMS.—Dreams usually take place in a single instant, notwithstanding the length of time they seem to occupy. They are, in fact, slight mental sensations unregulated by consciousness; these sensations, being less or more intense, painful or agreeable, according to certain physical conditions. On this subject, the following observations occur in Dr. Winslow's *Psychological Journal*:—"We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated; so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream, and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes."

From Chambers' Journal.

## MR. JERDAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE first of a series of volumes, designed to contain the literary, political, and social reminiscences of Mr. Jerdan during the last fifty years, has just seen the light. It will be found to be one of the most amusing books of the day, and also not without a moral of its own kind. We presume it is of no use to debate how far it is allowable to bring before the public matters pertaining to private life, and about which living individuals may feel a delicacy. The time for such questions seems past. Assuming so much, we at least feel pretty sure that the lives and characters of living men could scarcely be in gentler or more genial hands than those of William Jerdan.

Mr. Jerdan is chiefly known as having been for a third of a century the editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, a work which used to report on literature with a sympathy for authors strikingly in contrast with the tone of some of its contemporaries, in whom it would almost appear as if the saying of a kind word, or even the doing of simple justice towards a book, were felt as a piece of inexcusable weakness. He is now, at seventy, relieved from his cares, with little tangible result from his long and active career; but for this the readers of his autobiography will be at no loss to account. Jerdan has evidently been a kind-hearted, mirth-making, to-morrow-defying mortal all his days, as if he had patriotically set himself from the beginning to prove that Scotland could produce something different from those hosts of staid, sober, calculating men for which it has become so much distinguished. We speak, here, indeed, according to the English apprehension of the Scotch character, for in Scotland, strange to say—that is, to Englishmen it will appear strange—the people believe themselves to be remarkable for want of foresight—"aye wise ahint the hand," is their own self-portraiture—and for a certain ardor of genius which leads them into all sorts of scrapes. The issue is, after all, a hard one, and viewing the long services of Mr. Jerdan to the literary republic, we would hope that a cheerful life-evening is still in store for him.

Our autobiographer tells, with all due modesty, of his early days at Kelso—the respectable friends by whom he was surrounded—his acquiring the reputation of a clever youth, and running nigh being a good deal spoilt in consequence. At nineteen, he went to London, to enter the counting-house of a mercantile uncle, and, during two years spent there, formed an acquaintance with a group of young men, several of whom have since become distinguished. Among these were Messrs. Pirie and Lawrie, since Lord Mayors of London—David, William, and Frederick Pollock, of whom the last is now Chief Baron of Exchequer—and Mr. Wilde, who has since been Lord Chancellor. Interrupted in his career by a severe illness, he returned to Scotland to recruit, and soon after was placed with an Edinburgh writer to the Signet, to study the mysteries of law. The Scottish capital was then a much more frolicsome place than now, and Jerdan entered heartily into all its humors, spent merry evenings with Tom Sheridan and Joseph Gillan, attended mason-lodges, joined the volunteers, and, seeing a fountain one day, wished to be it, for then he should have nothing to do but play. The natural result followed in a second severe illness, out of which his kind master, Corrie Elliott,

endeavored to recover him by a commission to ride through a range of mountain parishes in the south, in order to search for genealogical particulars illustrative of a case between Lady Forbes, born Miss Hunter of Polmood, and two gentlemen named Hunter, who claimed her estate.

"I travelled," says our autobiographer, "from manse to manse, and received unbounded hospitalities from the ministers, whilst I examined their kirk-registers, and extracted from them every entry where the name of Hunter or Welsh was to be found. Never was task more gratifying. The *bonhomie* of the priests, and the simplicity of their parishioners, were a new world to me, whilst they, the clergy, men of piety and learning, considered themselves as out of the world altogether. The population was thin and scattered, the mode of living primitive in the extreme, and the visit of a stranger, so insignificant as myself, quite enough to make a great sensation in these secluded parts. I found the ministers ingenious, free from all puritanism, and generally well-informed. . . . The examination of the parish books was also a labor of love and source of endless amusement. They mostly went as far back as a century and a half, and were, in the elder times, filled with such entries as bespoke a very strange condition of society. The inquisitorial practices and punitive powers of the ministry could not be exceeded in countries enslaved by the priesthood of the Church of Rome. Forced confessions, the denial of religious rites even on the bed of death, excommunication, shameful exposures, and a rigid and minute interference in every domestic or private concern, indicated a state of things which must have been intolerable. High and low were obliged to submit to this offensive discipline and domination. . . . My duty was thus pleasantly and satisfactorily performed. My note-book was full. My skill in deciphering obsolete manuscript was cultivated and improved; and my health was restored as if by miracle. Of other incidents and results I shall only state, that on one occasion, to rival Bruce in Abyssinia, I dined off mutton whilst the sheep nibbled the grass upon the lawn, our fare being the amputated tails of the animals, which made a very dainty dish—that, on reaching Edinburgh, my hackney, having from a dark gallop over a ground where a murder had been committed not long before, and being put into a cold stable, lost every hair on its hide like a scalded pig, subjected me to half his price in lieu of damage—and that the famous and ancient Polmood remained in the possession of Lord Forbes, as inherited from the charter of King Robert, who gave the lands forever, 'as high up as heaven, and as low down as hell,' to the individual named in the grant, which was witnessed 'by Meg, my wife, and Marjory, my nurse.'"

Despairing of doing any good in Edinburgh, Mr. Jerdan, while still only twenty-three, resorted once more to London, though without any definite object in view. While pursuing his usual light-hearted career, he got into debt and difficulties, and experienced the consequent annoyances, with the sense of being an injured man, "whereas it was I who had wronged myself." "It was now," he adds, "that I got my first lesson of that fatal truth—that debt is the greatest curse which can beset the course of a human being. It cools his friends and heats his enemies; it throws obstacles in the way of his every advance towards independence; it degrades him in his own estimation, and

exposes him to humiliation from others, however beneath him in station and character; it marks him for injustice and spoil; it weakens his moral perceptions and benumbs his intellectual faculties; it is a burden not to be borne consistently with fair hopes of fortune, or that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, both in a worldly and eternal sense. But I shall have much to say on the subject in the future pages of this biography, though I cannot omit the opportunity afforded by my earliest taste of the bitter fruit which poisons every pulse of existence, earnestly to exhort my youthful readers to deny themselves every expense which they cannot harmlessly afford, and revel on bread and water and a lowly couch, in humility and patience, rather than incur the obligation of a single sixpence beyond their actual means."

At length, about 1806, he gravitated into what was perhaps his natural position—the press; taking a concern in a daily paper called the *Aurora*, which was got up by the hotel-keepers of London. This speculation did not answer. It was destined to verify a late saying: "If you want anything spoilt or ruined, you cannot do better than confide it to a committee." "Our rulers," says Jerdan, "though intelligent and sensible men, were neither literary nor conversant with journalism. Under any circumstances, their interference would have been injurious, but it was rendered still more fatal by their differences in political opinion, and two or three of the number setting up to write 'leaders' themselves. The clashing and want of *ensemble* was speedily obvious and detrimental; our readers became perfect weathercocks, and could not reconcile themselves to themselves from day to day. They wished, of course, to be led, as all well-informed citizens are, by their newspaper; and they would not blow hot and cold in the manner prescribed for all the coffee-room politicians in London. In the interior, the hubbub and confusion of the republic of letters was meanwhile exceedingly amusing to the looker-on; we were of all parties and shades of opinion; the proprietor of the King's Head was an ultra tory, and swore by George III. as the best of sovereigns—the Crown Hotel was very loyal, but more moderate—the Bell Inn would give a strong pull for the church—whilst the Cross-keys was infected with Romish predilections. The Cockpit was warlike; the Olive-Tree, pacific; the Royal Oak, patriotic; the Rummer, democratic; the Hole-in-the-Wall, seditious. Many a dolorous pull at the porter-pot and sapientious declination of his head had the perplexed and bemused editor, before he could effect any tolerable compromise of contradictions for the morning's issue; at the best, the sheet appeared full of signs and wonders!" In short, the paper failed.

Mr. Jerdan passed through various situations on various papers, as the elegant language of Cockneydom hath it, and thus he has been enabled to give some curious sketches of the *personnel* of the press in those days. In the *Morning Post*, he took a strong part against the Mary-Anne-Clarke investigation, and caused a marvellous sinking of the circulation in consequence. He, nevertheless, consented to go and see that celebrated lady, and confesses to have been softened by her blandishments. One of the most remarkable occurrences of that period was his witnessing the assassination of the prime minister, Perceval, in May, 1812. He had saluted the premier, as he was passing into the lobby of the House of Commons, and had held

back the spring-door to allow him precedence in entering, when instantly there was a noise within. "I saw a small curling wreath of smoke rise above his head, as if the breath of a cigar; I saw him reel back against the ledge on the inside of the door; I heard him exclaim, 'O God!' or 'O my God!'" and nothing more or longer (as reported by several witnesses), for even that exclamation was faint; and then, making an impulsive rush, as it were, to reach the entrance to the House on the opposite side for safety, I saw him totter forward, not half way, and drop dead between the four pillars which stood there in the centre of the space, with a slight trace of blood issuing from his lips.

"All this took place, ere, with moderate speed, you could count five! Great confusion, and almost as immediately great alarm ensued. Loud cries were uttered, and rapidly conflicting orders and remarks on every hand made a perfect Babel of the scene; for there were above a score of people in the lobby, and on the instant no one seemed to know what had been done or by whom. The corpse of Mr. Perceval was lifted up by Mr. William Smith, the member for Norwich, assisted by Lord Francis Osborne, a Mr. Phillips, and several others, and borne into the office of the speaker's secretary, by the small passage on the left hand, beyond and near the fire-place. Pallid and deadly, close by the murderer, it must have been; for in a moment after, Mr. Eastaff, one of the clerks of the vote office at the last door on that side, pointed him out, and called: 'That is the murderer!' Bellingham moved slowly to a bench on the hither side of the fire-place, near at hand, and sat down. I had in the first instance run forward to render assistance to Mr. Perceval, but only witnessed the lifting of his body, followed the direction of Mr. Eastaff's hand, and seized the assassin by the collar, but without violence on one side, or resistance on the other. Comparatively speaking, a crowd now came up, and among the earliest Mr. Vincent Dowling, Mr. John Norris, Sir Charles Long, Sir Charles Burrell, Mr. Henry Burgess, and, in a minute or two, General Gascoigne from a committee-room up stairs, and Mr. Hume, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Pole, and twelve or fifteen members from the House. Meanwhile, Bellingham's neckcloth had been stripped off, his vest unbuttoned, and his chest laid bare. The discharged pistol was found beside him, and its companion was taken, loaded and primed, from his pocket. An opera-glass, papers, and other articles, were also pulled forth, principally by Mr. Dowling, who was on his left, whilst I stood on his right hand; and, except for his frightful agitation, he was as passive as a child. Little was said to him. General Gascoigne, on coming up, and getting a glance through the surrounding spectators, observed that he knew him at Liverpool, and asked if his name was Bellingham, to which he returned no answer; but the papers rendered further question on this point unnecessary. Mr. Lynn, a surgeon in Great George Street, adjacent, had been hastily sent for, and found life quite extinct, the ball having entered in a slanting direction from the hand of the tall assassin, and passed into his victim's heart. Some one came out of the room with this intelligence, and said to Bellingham; 'Mr. Perceval is dead! Villain! how could you destroy so good a man, and make a family of twelve children orphans!' To which he almost mournfully replied: 'I am sorry for it.' Other observations and questions



were addressed to him by bystanders; in answer to which he spoke incoherently, mentioning the wrongs he had suffered from government, and justifying his revenge on grounds similar to those he used, at length, in his defence at the Old Bailey.

"I have alluded to Bellingham's 'frightful agitation' as he sat on the bench, and all this dreadful work was going on; and I return to it, to describe it as far as words can convey an idea of the shocking spectacle. I could only imagine something like it in the overwrought painting of a powerful romance-writer, but never before could conceive the physical suffering of a strong muscular man, under the tortures of a distracted mind. Whilst his language was cool, the agonies which shook his frame were actually terrible. His countenance wore the hue of the grave, blue, and cadaverous; huge drops of sweat ran down from his forehead like rain on the window-pane in a heavy storm, and, coursing his pallid cheeks, fell upon his person, where their moisture was distinctly visible; and from the bottom of his chest to his gorge, rose and receded, with almost every breath, a spasmodic action, as if a body, as large or larger than a billiard-ball were choking him. The miserable wretch repeatedly struck his chest with the palm of his hand to abate this sensation, but it refused to be repressed."

Our author makes a curious remark on the case—namely, that the first examinations are calculated to give the future historian a more faithful idea of the transaction than the record of the trial. Even in the short interval of four days, witnesses had become confused in their recollections, mistaking things which they had only heard of for things they had beheld. The unhappy culprit perished on the scaffold only a week after his crime.

Jerdan, who assumed the editorship of the *Sun* in 1813, was a flaming tory of the style of that day, and accordingly enjoyed the triumph of Europe over Bonaparte. In Paris, immediately after the Allies had entered it, he feasted his eyes with the singular spectacles presented, and the personal appearance of the heroes he had been employed for some years in celebrating. Here is a scene at Beauvillier's restaurant in the Rue de Richelieu, where 700 people dined every day. "It was on the first or second day, that a fair Saxon-looking gentleman came and seated himself at my table. I think he chose the seat advertently, from having observed or gathered that I was fresh from London. We speedily entered into conversation, and he pointed out to me some of the famous individuals who were doing justice to the Parisian cookery at the various tables around—probably about twenty in all. As he mentioned their names, I could not repress my enthusiasm—a spirit burning over England when I left it only a few days before—and my new acquaintance seemed to be much gratified by my ebullitions. 'Well,' said he to a question from me, 'that is Davidoff, the colonel of the Black Cossacks.' I shall not repeat my exclamations of surprise and pleasure at the sight of this terrific leader, who had hovered over the enemy everywhere, cut off so many resources, and performed such incredible marches and actions as to render him and his Cossacks the dread of their foes. 'Is this,' inquired my companion, 'the opinion of England?' I assured him it was, and let out the secret of my editorial consequence, in proof that I was a competent witness. On this, a change of scene ensued. My *incognito* walked across to

Davidoff, who forthwith filled, and sent me a glass of his wine—the glass he was using—and drank my health. I followed the example, and sent mine in return, and the compliment was completed. But it did not stop with this single instance. My new fair-complexioned friend went to another table, and spoke with a bronzed and hardy-looking warrior, from whom he came with another similar bumper to me, and the request that I would drink wine with General Czernicheff. I was again in flames; but it is unnecessary to repeat the manner in which I, on that to me memorable day, took wine with half a dozen of the most distinguished generals in the allied service.

"Whilst this toasting-bout was going on, a seedy-looking old gentleman came in, and I noticed that some younger officers rose and offered him a place, which he rejected, till a vacancy occurred, and then he quietly sat down, swallowed his two dozen of green oysters as a whet, and proceeded to dine with an appetite. By this time, my *vis-à-vis* had resumed his seat, and, after what had passed, I felt myself at liberty to ask him the favor of informing me who he himself was! I was soon answered. He was a Mr. Parish, of Hamburg, whose prodigious commissariat engagements with the grand army had been fulfilled in a manner to prosper the war; and I was now at no loss to account for his intimacy with its heroes. It so happened that I knew and was on friendly terms with some of his near relations; and so the two hours I have described took the value of two years. But the climax had to come. Who was the rather seedy-looking personage whom the aids-de-camp appeared so ready to accommodate? O, that was Blücher! If I was outrageous before, I was mad now. I explained to Mr. Parish the feeling of England with regard to this hero; and that, amid the whole host of great and illustrious names, his had become the most glorious of all, and was really the one which filled most unanimously and loudly the trump of fame. He told me that an assurance of this would be most gratifying to the marshal, who thought much of the approbation of England, and asked my leave to communicate to him what I had said. I could have no objection; but, after a short colloquy, Blücher did not send his glass to me—he came himself; and I hob-nobbed with the immortal soldier. I addressed him in French, to which he would not listen; and I then told him in English of the glorious estimation in which he was held in my country, which Mr. Parish translated into German; and if ever high gratification was evinced by man, it was by Blücher on this occasion. I had the honor of breakfasting with him at his hotel next morning, when the welcome matter was discussed more circumstantially; and he evinced the greatest delight."

Here we must part with Mr. Jerdan, but only, we hope, to meet him again ere long in a second volume.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE BRAVE MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

### I.

LOUD let the Brave Man's praises swell,  
As organ blast, or clang of bell;  
Of lofty soul, and spirit strong,  
He asks not gold—he asks but song!  
Then glory to God, by whose gift I raise  
The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise!

## II.

The thaw-wind came from the Southern Sea,  
Dewy and dark o'er Italy;  
The scattered clouds fled far aloof,  
As flies the flock before the wolf;  
It swept o'er the plain, and it strewed the wood,  
And it burst the ice-bands on river and flood.

## III.

The snow-drifts melt, till the mountain calls  
With the voice of a thousand waterfalls;  
The waters are over both field and dell,  
Still doth the land-flood wax and swell;  
And high roll its billows, as in their track  
They hurry the ice-crag of floating wrack.

## IV.

On pillars stout, and arches wide,  
A bridge of granite stems the tide;  
And midway o'er the foaming flood,  
Upon the bridge the toll-house stood;  
There dwelleth the toll-man, with babes and wife;  
Oh, toll-man! oh, toll-man! quick! flee for thy life.

## V.

Near, and more near, the wild waves urge:  
Loud howls the wind, loud roars the surge!  
The toll-man sprang on the roof in fright,  
And he gazed on the waves in their gathering  
might:  
All-merciful God! to our sins be good!  
We are lost! we are lost! The flood! the flood!

## VI.

High rolled the waves! In headlong track  
Hither and thither dashed the wrack!  
On either bank uprose the flood;  
Scarce on their base the arches stood!  
The toll-man, trembling for house and life,  
Outscreams the storm with his babes and wife.

## VII.

High heaves the flood-wreck—block on block  
The sturdy pillars feel the shock;  
On either arch the surges break;  
On either side the arches shake.  
They totter! they sink 'neath the whelming wave;  
All-merciful Heaven! have pity and save!

## VIII.

Upon the river's further strand  
A trembling crowd of gazers stand;  
In wild despair their hands they wring,  
Yet none may aid or succor bring;  
And the hapless toll-man, with babes and wife,  
Is screaming for help through the stormy strife.

## IX.

When shall the Brave Man's praises swell,  
As organ blast, or clang of bell?  
Ah! name him now, he tarries long;  
Name him at last, my glorious song.  
Oh! speed, for the terrible death draws near;  
Oh, Brave Man! oh, Brave Man! arise, appear!

## X.

Quick gallops up, with headlong speed,  
A noble count on noble steed!  
And lo! on high his fingers hold  
A purse well stored with shining gold.  
"Two hundred pistoles for the man who shall save  
Yon perishing wretch from the yawning wave!"

## XI.

Who is the Brave Man, say, my song,  
Shall to the count thy meed belong?

Though, by high Heaven, right brave he be,  
I know a braver still than he.  
Oh, Brave Man! oh, Brave Man! arise, appear!  
Oh, speed, for the terrible Death draws near!

## XII.

And ever higher swell the waves,  
And louder still the storm wind raves,  
And lower sink their hearts in fear.  
Oh, Brave Man, Brave Man, haste, appear!  
Buttress and pillar, they groan and strain!  
And the rocking arches are rent in twain!

## XIII.

Again, again, before their eyes,  
High holds the count the glittering prize;  
All see, but all the danger shun,  
Of all the thousand stirrs not one,  
And the tollman in vain, through the tumult wild,  
Outscreams the tempest with wife and child.

## XIV.

But who amid the crowd is seen,  
In peasant garb, with simple mien,  
Firm, leaning on a trusty stave,  
In form and feature tall and grave?  
He hears the count, and the scream of fear,  
He sees that the moment of death draws near!

## XV.

Into a skiff he boldly sprang;  
He braved the storm that round him rang;  
He called aloud on God's great name,  
And backward a deliverer came.  
But the fisher skiff seems all too small  
From the raging waters to save them all!

## XVI.

The river round him boiled and surged,  
Thrice through the waves his skiff he urged,  
And back through wind and waters' roar,  
He bore them safely to the shore,  
So fierce rolled the river, that scarce the last  
In the fisher skiff through the danger passed.

## XVII.

Who is the Brave Man? say, my song,  
To whom shall that high name belong?  
Bravely the peasant ventured in,  
But 't was, perchance, the prize to win.  
If the generous count had proffered no gold,  
The peasant, methinks, had not been so bold!

## XVIII.

Out spake the count, "Right boldly done!  
Here, take thy purse; 't was nobly won!"  
A generous act, in truth, was this,  
By Heaven! the count right noble is!  
But loftier still was the soul displayed  
By him in the peasant-garb arrayed!

## XIX.

"Poor though I be, thy hand withhold,  
I barter not my life for gold!  
Yon hapless man is ruined now;  
Great count, on him thy gift bestow!"  
He spake from his heart in his honest pride,  
And he turned on his heel, and strode aside.

## XX.

Then loudly let his praises swell,  
As organ blast or clang of bell,  
Of lofty soul and spirit strong,  
He asks not gold, he asks but song.  
So glory to God, by whose gift I raise  
The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise!

From Household Words.

## KING CHARLES' POST-BAG.

THE post-bag of Queen Victoria is a somewhat bulky affair, with its tens of thousands of newspapers, its innumerable letters, and its millions of money. John Bull of 1852 is very proud of his post-bag, and talks about it with remarkable vehemence. Yet, not with less vehemence, did Mr. Chamberlayne, in the year 1679, propound to his associates the wonders of King Charles' post-bag. Mr. Chamberlayne, at about that time, published a ninth edition of his very notable book on "The Present State of England," wherein he crammed many curious and instructive facts for his great-grand-children. It is easy to imagine Mr. Chamberlayne, with a somewhat pompous manner, primly attired as a learned doctor, discoursing with uncontrollable pride of the doings and the profits of his royal master's post-bag.

In the first place, he informs his company that the profits of the post-bag are settled by act of Parliament on his royal highness the Duke of York; and that the postmaster-general for the time being is the Right Honorable Henry, Earl of Arlington, Lord Chamberlain of his majesty's household. He then proceeds to develop, to an astonished public, the wondrous regulations which govern the bag. First, he tells them, every Monday letters and "pacquets" are despatched to France, Italy, Spain, Flanders, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and to Kent! Perhaps his audience think that after the transaction of so much business, the governors of the post-bag enjoy a day's rest. Not so, however, declares Mr. Chamberlayne, dallying with his ruffles, for, on Tuesday, letters and "pacquets" are despatched not only to the United Netherlands, Germany, and other foreign parts, but to all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. After these exertions, his hearers think, surely the governors of King Charles' post-bag have a day's respite from work. Not quite this, but something like it; for, on Wednesdays, Mr. Chamberlayne declares, letters and "pacquets" are despatched to Kent only, and the Downs. On Thursdays, letters start on their way to France, Spain, Italy, and all parts of England and Scotland; on Fridays, to the Spanish and United Netherlands, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and to Kent; and on Saturdays, to all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. And, says Mr. Chamberlayne, "the answers of the said letters and 'pacquets' are received in the said office in due course; and, from thence, dispersed, and delivered according to their respective directions with all expedition." These facts, Mr. Chamberlayne, opines, are sufficient to make every English subject of the enlightened seventeenth century proud of King Charles' post-bag. Yet other wonders of management remain to be communicated. The post-bag is managed by deputy—my Lord Arlington, of course, having nothing whatever to do except to receive his salary. Seventy-seven persons "actually" give their attendance to the business of King Charles' post-bag in London; besides one hundred and eighty-two deputy-postmasters, scattered through the three kingdoms.

Mr. Chamberlayne's throat swells with the fullness of exultation, when he informs his wondering company that King Charles' post-bag gives employment to two "paquet-boats" between England and France; two between England and Flanders; three between England and Holland; three

between England and Ireland; and two stationed at Deal to ply to the Downs. "As the masterpiece of all those good regulations," continues Mr. Chamberlayne, the "market-towns are so connected with the capital, that all 'considerable' cities of the kingdom have an 'easy and certain conveyance for the letters thereof, to and from the said grand office, in the due course of the mails, every post.'" Mr. Chamberlayne now proceeds to contrast the magnificent contents of King Charles' post-bag with the paltry post-bags of the olden time. He informs his company—who are by this time bewildered with excess of admiration—that although the number of letters "missive" in England was not at all considerable in their ancestors' days, yet it is now prodigiously great, "since the meanest people have generally learned to write," so great, that his royal highness of York is able to farm the post-bag for thirty thousand pounds per year. Mr. Chamberlayne bids his friends note also, that by King Charles' bag letters are conveyed with more expedition, and less charge, than in any foreign country. A letter, containing a whole sheet of paper, is conveyed eighty miles for two-pence; two sheets for four-pence; and an ounce of paper for eight-pence! This cheap conveyance is so rapid (the post-bag travelling by night as well as by day), that a letter travels one hundred and twenty miles in four-and-twenty hours; so that, continues Mr. Chamberlayne, to make a great impression upon his company, "in five days an answer of a letter may be had from a place three hundred miles distant from the writer!" Mr. Chamberlayne, now in a state of irrepressible excitement, continues his list of wonders:—"Moreover, if any gentleman desire to ride post to any principal town of England, post-horses are always in readiness (taking no horse without the consent of his owner), which in other kings' reigns was not duly observed; and only three-pence is demanded for every English mile, and for every stage, to the post-boy four-pence for conducting. Besides this excellent convenience of conveying letters, and men on horseback, there is of late such an admirable commodiousness, both for men and women of better rank, to travel from London to almost any great town of England, and to almost all the villages near this great city, that the like hath not been known in the world; and that is by stage-coaches, wherein one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul weather and foul ways, free from endamaging one's health or body by hard jogging, or over-violent motion; and this, not only at a low price, as about a shilling for every five miles, but with such velocity and speed, as that the posts in some foreign countries make not more miles in a day; for the stage-coaches—called flying-coaches—make forty or fifty miles in a day, as from London to Oxford or Cambridge; and that in the space of twelve hours, not counting the time for dining, setting forth not too early, nor coming in too late."

Mr. Chamberlayne's enthusiasm falls oddly upon the ears of Mr. John Bull, of 1852, who has eaten a large slice of melon with his breakfast this morning in the Maison d'Or on the Boulevards, and is now about to discuss the quality of a late chop in Fleet Street; and to let his friends in Paris know, by to-morrow morning, of his whereabouts in the British metropolis. Yet we have pitched upon the wrong Mr. Bull for our contrast.

Mr. Bull, taking his chop in Fleet Street, is very loud about the discrepancies of our postal

arrangements. He has two friends—one who lives at Penzance, and the second who has chosen for his residence the most northerly point of Scotland; these can communicate by letter by the payment of one penny; yet Mr. Bull (who has also a friend at Dover, who transacts business with a firm at Calais) is compelled to pay ten-pence for the twenty miles which his letters travel. It costs two shillings and two-pence to send a letter to Spain; yet one may be despatched any day to New Zealand for one shilling; and the emigrant in the backwoods of Canada pays but one shilling and two-pence for his letter of good tidings to his friend in London. Thus, crossing the channel only costs two-pence less than the voyage to the Antipodes. Therefore Mr. Bull grumbles; and talks about a convention for the equitable adjustment of the post-offices of the world. He would not be sorry to see delegates from the different countries of the world assembled here in London to discuss the rates at which it is the duty of all honest states to enable the nations of the earth to interchange friendly greetings. So much has been done in England, that he thinks a little coöperation on the part of foreign countries would be a mere act of common honesty, and he proudly points to the great results of Victoria's Penny-Post-bag; a vulgar bag it is considered, perhaps, by those who measure gentility by the length of the purse, and very unbecoming the dignity of the queen to receive copper coinage; but it contains more treasure, more kindly human emotions, more cordial confidences, than the bag of any other sovereign on the face of the earth. We should like the shade of Mr. Chamberlayne to rise, and take just one peep into it.

Mr. Bull, of London, serenely contemplating the working of the penny inland postage, and objecting to embarrass himself with the wrongs of his Dover friend, whose daily ten-pences rankle at his heart, proudly, we repeat, refers to the recent history of the post-office. The inflated pride of Mr. Chamberlayne, with his post-office farmed on behalf of the then Duke of York for the annual sum of thirty thousand pounds, raises a sneer on Mr. Bull's lips, as he surveys the present balance-sheet issued from St. Martin's-le-Grand. And Mr. Bull has some reason to be satisfied. Let us look at the facts he can place before us.

In 1839, her majesty Queen Victoria's post-bag received eight million four hundred and seventy thousand letters. On the fifth day of December in that year, the famous reduction in the post-office charges came in force. The effect of the change was instantaneous. Victoria's post-bag was too small to bear the vast increase—every corner was crammed; and the postmaster-general, with all his secretaries, found it a difficult matter to manage the unwieldy mass. In 1840, no less than one hundred and seventy million letters were crammed into Queen Victoria's post-bag. The ghost of Mr. Chamberlayne has a terrible look of wonder and awe, as Mr. Bull, of 1852, announces the fact—talking of millions with the utmost unconcern.

We allow Mr. Bull to skip forward from the year 1840 to the year 1845, and then once more pause to hear him. In this year, we are informed, two hundred and seventy-one million and a half of letters were absolutely stuffed into the Britannic post-bag! Mr. Bull's eyes gleam with uncontrollable satisfaction as he rolls the numbers out of his mouth, and becomes dreadfully excited as he wan-

ders about later years; till, with dilated orbs, his hand clenched upon the table, and his voice raised to its most sonorous pitch, he declares the total number of letters that passed through the post-office in the year 1850 to have been three hundred and forty-eight millions! Being "as fond as an Arab of dates," Mr. Bull begins to calm himself after the delivery of this culminating statement, and to wander back, with rich precision, to the early years of the century, and the number of letters that each brought to the post-bag of the reigning sovereign. Then gently, very gently, he touches upon the profits of the post-office for the last half-century. He reflects that we have tried a magnificent experiment of late; and that by certain advances we are reaching a result that will content, to the fullest extent, the lovers of large balance-sheets. Mr. Bull finds that on the fifth day of January, 1840, it was shown that the net revenue for the year then ended, of the post-bag (including a month of the four-penny rate) was upwards of one million and a half sterling. In the following great experimental year, which ended on the fifth of January, 1841, the net postal revenue fell to four hundred and ten thousand pounds! A little more than one fourth of the usual post-office net revenue.

Mr. Bull remembers that he felt a certain sadness when he read that year's account. But as the years followed one another his heart revived. The financial year which ended on the fifth of January, 1846, showed a net postal revenue of six hundred and sixty thousand pounds; that which closed on the fifth of January, 1851, showed a net postal revenue of six hundred and ninety-four thousand; that which closed on the fifth of January of the present year displayed a net postal revenue of one million six hundred and forty thousand pounds; being an increase of twenty-five thousand pounds on the net postal revenue of the financial year 1839. Of the vast sums expended by the postmaster-general for the convenient delivery of his bag in various parts of the kingdom, Mr. Bull gives us a notion, when he informs us that in the financial year, 1851, the railway companies of this country received, for work done within that year, no less a sum than two hundred and six thousand pounds.

We find Mr. Bull quite excited with the glowing bits of the post-bag history. Talk of California and the gold of Australia, why, a golden sand is shifting continually all over England. So vast is the wealth deposited in Victoria's post-bag, that in one year the Dead Letter Office received in cash and bank notes nearly nineteen thousand pounds, and money, otherwise represented, as by cheques, bills, &c., no less than one million two hundred and twenty-six thousand pounds. Mr. Bull would not have it supposed that these sums are quietly pocketed; on the contrary, he is anxious to express his assurance that "nearly the whole of the letters containing the money were delivered to the writers." Three years is the space of time allowed by the post-office regulations for the owner of a missing letter, containing any property, to recover it; and at the expiration of that period, if the property be in the shape of a bill or cheque, it is destroyed, and if in the form of cash, it is added to the revenue of the country. Many a luckless individual has thus, unwillingly, helped to lighten the burdens of his countrymen.

These are the main facts upon which Mr. Bull, in this present year, 1852, delights to dwell; but



all he has put forth only goes to prove that his friend, Mr. Bull, of Dover, may reasonably advocate the consideration of his grievance upon the promoters of the inland penny postage. However, some people appear to think that the correspondence of Mr. Bull, of Dover, may be cut short by the mild manoeuvres of a French squadron in the channel. We shall see.

From the Spectator.

#### MOIR'S SELECTED POEMS AND LIFE.\*

It is remarked by Paley that the great dignitaries of a profession raise the status of all its members. Thus, the halo of the lord chancellor sheds a glimmering of lustre even over an attorney, and the curate shines dimly in the effulgence of Lambeth. Something similar takes place in the republic of letters. "Noscitur a sociis" is true in more meanings than one. Some men, it is said, lived all their life on a paper in Addison's *Spectator*; the paper in itself was little or nothing, but it got a reflected light from the entire collection. Authors could be mentioned whose names have reached posterity less for their own works than for their connection by accident or luck with greater men. It is to be suspected that the poetical reputation of Delta owed quite as much to *Blackwood*, in its zenith, as to his own intrinsic deserts. The poems shone from reflected light; the light itself being somewhat adventitious, so far as literary lustre was concerned.

This suspicion is confirmed by the fact that when Moir published in a volume the success was not great, and such success as was attained took the form of praise rather than of purchase. It will be shown still more clearly by this selection of his poems, though made upon a rigorous principle. Acting under the advice of Professor Wilson, that the "selection should be a narrow and severe one," Mr. Aird has rejected "all decidedly inferior matter, and all slight, hasty sketches, with touches of good poetry in them, but yet not poems." . . . pieces of "tolerable merit, superseded, however, by after-poems, finished and fine, which have obviously taken birth and shape from their inferior predecessors;" poems on common subjects, reiterating common poetical sentiments and morals, a few of which only have been retained; and some long pieces deficient in structure and symmetry.

This was a searching and judicious plan of proceeding; yet the result is by no means proportionate to the labor; for in truth Delta was not a poet in any high sense of the term. He wanted depth and originality; he rarely attained any great degree of felicity or finish, from his habit of hasty composition and publication; his nature, his school, and his circumstances, all tended to diffuseness and convention. He had great fluency of sentiment and facility of poetical diction; he belonged to that school of which Mrs. Hemans was the head, and which measured merit by elegant commonplace in thought and mechanical merit in execution; he adopted Scott's axiom that literature should be a staff, not a crutch, and, following medicine as a profession, he wrote poetry in the intervals of practice, or in hours he snatched from sleep. The result, especially from the last habit, was a

kind of wiredrawn diffusion. He put forth all he had to say upon a theme, and admitted topics cognate perhaps but not essential. What with superfluous thoughts, expanded diction, and extraneous branches of his subject, Delta rather produced fine stanzas than good poems. The dirge "Weep not for her" is one of the writer's best pieces, yet not above half of it has that closeness of application to the subject which not only imparts individuality but removes vague generality. We begin with the third, and omit the sixth and seventh stanzas.

Weep not for her!—She died in early youth,  
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues;  
When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,  
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews  
Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;  
Her wine of life was run not to the lees:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—By fleet or slow decay,  
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark  
The playmates of her childhood wane away,  
Her prospects wither, or her hopes grow dark;  
Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,  
She passed as 't were in smiles from earth to heaven:  
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—It was not hers to feel  
The miseries that corrode amassing years,  
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,  
To wander sad down Age's vale of tears;  
As whirl the withered leaves from Friendship's tree,  
And on earth's wintry world alone to be:  
Weep not for her!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Weep not for her!—There is no cause for woe;  
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk  
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,  
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back;  
So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,  
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead thee on!  
Weep not for her!

An indifferent school, and habits of hasty composition, are not beneficial to the production of poems; but they will not prevent the exhibition of great poetical power, if the writer possesses it. This was not the case with Delta. Poetical originality is not only new and deep, but consistent. Drawing his ideas from nature, and likewise indebted to nature for his subjects, the true poet not only presents his reader with ideas appropriate to his own time, and therefore different from all others, but his tone and his metre are exactly adapted to his subjects, whatever they may be. Delta has little, perhaps nothing, of this adaptation. His metre is generally unfitted for his theme, and often suggests some other writer, as if his impulse was imitative. His tone is frequently as incongruous. Pitched in too high a key, the style has no relation to the subject. An excellent piece of Delta's is "The Fowler;" the leading topics of which are the character of an old sportsman, whom the writer accompanied in his boyhood—the wintry weather—the sea before dawn—the slaughter of wild-fowl, and the moral of its cruelty. In such a theme the style would naturally take a color from its objects and approach the homely. The writer appears to have been reading Byron's "Dream," or similar poems; and to have adopted a solemn, half-mystic half-melancholy tone, quite out of keeping with the subject. There was no occasion for this solemnity of oburgation to describe a continuance of severe weather—one of the best bits in the poem.

\* The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir. A. Edited by Thomas Aird; with a Memoir of the Author. In two volumes. Published by Blackwood and Son.

I do remember me the very time—  
 (Though thirty shadowy years have lapsed between)—  
 'T is graven as by the hand of yesterday.  
 For weeks had raved the winds, the angry seas  
 Howled to the darkness, and down fallen the snows;  
 The redbreast to the window came for crumbs;  
 Hunger had to the coleworts driven the hare;  
 The crow at noontide pecked the travelled road:  
 And the wood-pigeon, timorously bold,  
 Starved from the forest, neared the homes of man.  
 It was the dreariest depth of winter-tide,  
 And on the ocean and its isles was felt  
 The iron sway of the North; yea, even the fowl,  
 That through the Polar summer months could see  
 A beauty in Spitzbergen's naked isles,  
 Or on the drifting icebergs seek a home—  
 Even they had fled, on southern wing, in search  
 Of less inclement shores.

Mr. Aird, the friend of David Macbeth Moir, and compiler of the selection, has prefixed a Memoir of the poet to the poems. There was nothing in the events of his life essentially different from those of any other indefatigable and successful medical practitioner. This Mr. Aird has seen, and he has not unduly expanded his narrative, or overlaid the life with trifling particulars; while he tells all that is needful, and successfully presents the personal characteristics and habits of his friend. In the pitch or tone the biographer is less successful. He aims at raising his hero by elevating the style. His accessories and backgrounds would serve for a much more eminent figure, and even then be a shade inflated. This defect is less visible in the narrative than in those parts where *estimate* is at the bottom of the idea, if not visible. We need not say that the poetical position and power of Moir are overrated, and in a rather provincial way.

From the Examiner, 12th June.

#### DESIGNS AGAINST TURKEY.

At Boston, in the course of last month, M. Kossuth made a long and eloquent speech, in which he gave a sketch of the present condition, according to his peculiar views, of the various states of Europe. His remarks upon Turkey possess some interest at the present moment; for it is impossible to suppose that the conferences of the emperors had no relation to the designs which both are known to entertain against Turkey. The resources of that state are possibly exaggerated in the estimate of Kossuth, but that he is nearer the truth than the Neapolitan M'Farlane and other writers of the same school, who are constantly enlarging on the decay and predicting the speedy downfall of Turkey, is sufficiently evident from a return laid before the House of Commons on the motion of Lord Dudley Stuart, an extract from which we have inserted below.

Kossuth, after an elaborate account of the present condition of Hungary, proceeded in these words:—

Turkey, which deserves your sympathy because it is the country of municipal institutions, the country of religious toleration—(Applause)—Turkey, when it extended its sway over Transylvania and half of Hungary, never interfered with the way in which the inhabitants chose to govern themselves; she allowed even that those who lived within her dominions, should collect there the taxes voted by independent Hungary, with the aim to make war against the Porte. Whilst in the other parts of Hungary, Prot-

estantism was oppressed by the Austrian policy, and the Protestants several times compelled to take up arms for the defence of religious liberty, in Transylvania, under the sovereignty of the Porte, the Unitarians got political rights, and Protestantism grew up under the protecting wings of the Ottoman power.

The respect for municipal institutions is so deeply rooted in the minds of the Turks, that at the time when they became masters of the Danubian provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, they voluntarily excluded themselves from all political rights in the newly acquired provinces, and, up to the present day, they do not allow that a mosque should be built, that a Turk should dwell and own landed property across the Danube. They do not interfere with the taxation or with the internal administration of these provinces; and the last organic law of the empire, the Tanzamat, is nothing but the re-declaration of the rights of municipalities, guaranteeing them against the centralizing encroachment of the Pachas. Whilst Czar Nicholas is about to convert the Protestant population of Livonia and Esthonia, by force and by alluring promises, to the Greek Church, the liberal Sultan Abdul Mejid grants full religious liberty to all sects of Protestantism. But we are accustomed to look upon Turkey as upon a third-rate power, only because in 1828 it was defeated by Russia. Let us now see how the balance stood at this time, and how it stands now.

In 1828 the Turkish population was full of hatred, on account of the extermination of the Janissaries.

The Christian population was ready to rise against the government, on account of the events of the Greek war.

The revenue did not exceed 400 million piastres (20,000,000 dols.), and was insufficient for a second campaign.

The new army was not yet organized, and amounted only to thirty-two thousand men, without tried generals. The fleet was destroyed at Navarino. The foreign diplomatists had left the empire, and the capital was exposed to an attack of the enemy.

In such a position no European power could have risked a war.

Twenty-four years have altered the balance. Turkey has now the enthusiastic support of her Mussulman population. The Christian population, with the only exception of Bulgaria, partakes of this enthusiasm. All the warlike tribes, from Albania to Kurdistan, are now supporting the authority of the Sultan. Mehmet Ali is gone. Arabia and Syria are again under the dominion of the Sultan. Serbia has made peace, and has become the support of Turkey, offering her, in the case of a Russian war, 80,000 men. The principalities have become the enemies of Russia—they had too long to suffer from her oppression. The public revenue has doubled. Turkey has organized a regular army of 200,000 men, equal to any other, and, besides, the militia. She has distinguished generals—Omer Pasha, Guyon. Her fleet is equal to the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and her steam fleet superior to the Russian. She has for allies all the people from the Caucasus to the Carpathians; the Circassians, the Tartars, under Emir Mirza, the Cossacks of the Dobroja, by whom the electric shock is transmitted to Poland and Hungary, form an unbroken chain, by which the spark is carried into the heart of Europe, where all the combustible elements wait for the moment of explosion. Twenty-four years ago Turkey was believed to be in a decaying state; it is now stronger than it has been for the last hundred years.

Russia, during this time, has been unable to overcome the resistance of Circassia, and, cut off from her south-eastern provinces, she cannot attack Turkey in the rear. The Caucasian lines furnished her, in 1828, 30,000 men, Poland with 100,000; these two countries require now an army of observation

and occupation of 200,000 men; the Danubian principalities will absorb again 50,000.

The Russia fleet remains as it was in 1828—thirteen men-of-war then, thirteen now; and whilst in 1828 she had scarcely an enemy in Europe, she has now scarcely one friend, except the kings, and all her enemies, whom she has defeated, one by one, have combined against her—Poland, Hungary, the Danubian principalities, Turkey, Circassia.

And yet, gentlemen, that Russia can make doubtful the struggle in Europe; not because powerful in arms, but dangerous because it stands ready to support tyrants, when nations are tired out in a struggle. Gentlemen, remember that Peter the Czar left a testament to the people, that Russia must take Constantinople. Why? that Russia might be a great power; and, that it may be, Constantinople is necessary, because no nation can be a great power that is not a maritime power. Now see how Turkey has grown in twenty-four years. The more Russia delays, the stronger Turkey becomes; and therefore is Russia in haste to fulfil the destiny to become a maritime power.

Now the return recently laid before the House of Commons shows in a succinct form the values of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported from the United Kingdom—

In the years	To Russia.	To Austria.	To Turkey.
1845	2,153,491	570,522	2,842,909
1846	1,725,148	751,981	2,211,897
1847	1,844,543	537,009	2,992,281
1848	1,925,226	494,525	3,116,365
1849	1,566,175	658,992	2,930,612
1850	1,454,771	607,755	3,113,679

It appears, therefore, that the exports of England to this state in the last stage of decrepitude are about half as much again as her united exports to Russia and Austria, states possessing together a population at least six times as numerous as that of Turkey; for the exports to Egypt are not included in the above return.

The analysis (given in the parliamentary paper) of the articles composing these exports, is not less remarkable than their total amounts. For whilst the exports to Turkey consist of *completely manufactured articles*, those to Russia are composed chiefly of cotton twist, woollen yarn, and *machinery*; Austria and Russia, either with a view to force their native manufactures into unnatural activity, or in order to impede as much as possible the growth of English commerce, laying almost prohibitive duties on all articles except those without which their manufactures could not go on, whilst Turkey, adhering to her immemorial policy of free trade, levies duties for no other purposes than that of revenue.

From the Spectator.

#### DUNDAS' SKETCHES OF BRAZIL—TROPICAL AND EUROPEAN FEVER.\*

THIS volume contains the results of its author's observations and reflections during nearly thirty years of medical service in various quarters of the globe, three-and-twenty years of which were spent at Bahia in Brazil, as superintendent of the British Medical Hospital in that city. The form in

\* Sketches of Brazil; including New Views of Tropical and European Fever, with Remarks on a premature Decay of the System incident to Europeans on their Return from Hot Climates. By Robert Dundas, M.D., Physician to the Northern Hospital, Liverpool; formerly Acting Surgeon to H. M.'s 60th Regiment, &c. Published by Churchill.

which these results are presented is a series of lectures, delivered at the Liverpool Northern Hospital in the beginning of the present year; embracing—1. The effect of a tropical residence on the health of Europeans and the functions of important organs, with the proper treatment to be adopted on their return. 2. A denial of the established opinion that remittent fever is caused by the *specific poison* of marsh miasmata, or by any other poison; fever of all kinds, in the opinion of Dr. Dundas, originating in a cold and damp state of the atmosphere, operating upon a depraved and depressed condition of the system. 3. That fever of all kinds is essentially the same, the apparent differences arising from differences in climate and constitution; and that the bilious remittent and typhus are, like ague, to be cured by quinine, where they are curable by medicine. 4. Sketches of Bahia and its neighborhood, chiefly in relation to hygiene, with an account of the medical profession in Brazil.

Of these subjects, the most elaborately handled is the theory of fever and its treatment; the most satisfying and practically useful exposition refers to the influence of the tropics on the European resident. According to Dr. Dundas, the functions of the various organs of the body, in a very hot climate, undergo a change proportioned to the demand upon them; this change more especially affecting the kidneys and the skin. The action of the kidneys is less, that of the skin very much greater—so great, indeed, that during the earlier years of residence, and while the system is still in vigor, some persons may enjoy better health than before—matters being thrown off from the blood by profuse perspiration that would otherwise have remained in the body; of which the subsidence of gout is an example. This extra demand upon the constitution, coupled with the relaxing effects of the climate, and of habits very often the reverse of healthy, cannot be continued with impunity for a length of time; the idea of acclimatizing, in the usual sense of the word, Dr. Dundas repudiates altogether. A vigorous constitution and health-producing habits will enable one man to sustain a tropical climate longer than a weaker or more imprudent person; but there comes a time when the constitution sinks under the unnatural circumstances in which it is placed. Languor and ill-health supervene; constitutional disease—as gout—reappears, and mostly with fatal tendencies; if the patient is to retain a moderate degree of health, or even life, he must return to his native climate, or to a more temperate region.

Here, however, he is met by moral difficulties, arising from change of habits and loss of social estimation or distinction, as well as by physical evils. The nervous energy, the powers of the stomach and liver, are all diminished; but these are not the most important feature of his case. The skin, no longer stimulated to excessive action, no longer relieves the system; and the kidneys, which should come to its assistance, are unable to do so, having from long diminished action lost even their normal power. The state of the digestion, of the liver, of the nervous influence, requires proper attention in such patients; but the first consideration is the kidneys. The general treatment of such cases Dr. Dundas lays down in his lectures; trusting as much to regimen as to medicine, and eschewing calomel as a rule.

With reference to mercury, so generally regarded almost in the light of a specific in all diseases arising

from residence in tropical climates, I am decidedly of opinion that, although a dose of it may, occasionally, be given with much advantage, and may even sometimes be imperatively called for in such maladies, there is yet no class of cases in which its administration is worse borne, and attended by more pernicious consequences, than in those persons who have returned to Europe after lengthened residence in warm climates. Rare are the exceptions to this rule; and I cannot too earnestly impress its great practical value on your minds.

The practical difference between the received views in reference to endemic and epidemic fevers is not really so great as Dr. Dundas seems to think; in fact, it turns greatly upon the words *specific poison*, which are perhaps often used in a metaphorical sense indicative of a "something." Dr. Dundas does not deny that most lowlands are unhealthy, and dry sheltered highlands the reverse; few will be inclined to deny that the power of resistance in the patient, either to specific poison or to morbid atmospheric effect, is proportioned to his native vigor and the state of his system at the time; or that the nature of the complaint may depend upon predisposition, taking one form of disease in one man, another form in another. The discussion is worth perusal for the number of facts Dr. Dundas brings together in support of his view, and for the apparently conclusive arguments against marsh miasmata being the cause of fever. The case of *ague*, however, seems to show that certain localities induce a peculiar kind of fever, which, whether caused by specific poison or atmospheric influence, is always of the same nature. The essential identity of fever is probably true; its cure by means of quinine must be matter of much more extended experiment than the cases of Dr. Dundas. The principle is, that fever is to be cured by tonics.

There are some able sketches of a few remarkable disorders in Brazil, and a passing notice of a singular change which seems to have taken place in the climate and its diseases within these few years. The account of the state of the medical profession is clear and informing. Brazil is certainly in advance of England as regards medical regulation. It would seem to be the paradise of regular physicians; chemists are compelled to *understand* their business, yet the dispenser is not permitted to go beyond his drugs, while the regulars are paid for all they do.

The pharmaceutical student is obliged to attend for three years in a pharmacy, after the conclusion of his academical studies. He then undergoes an examination by the faculty, and publicly defends a thesis to obtain his diploma. His duty afterwards, as apothecary, is strictly limited to the sale of drugs and the compounding of prescriptions. He is never consulted professionally; and did he attempt to apply a remedy for the cure of any disease, he would be immediately fined fifty mil-reis by the municipality for the first, and an increasing fine for every subsequent offence; and, did he still persist, his license would be withdrawn. On the other hand, the medical practitioner is strictly prohibited from the compounding or sale of medicines in any shape or form.

The professors and substitutes [hospital practitioners] are, like others, engaged in private practice, and not uncommonly hold some other public or medical office, of which there are a considerable number, and all paid—honorary medical appointments being utterly unknown in Brazil.

So deeply, indeed, is the system of payment for medical service (under what circumstances soever

rendered) interwoven with public opinion in Brazil, that, when the medical officers of an hospital—the Misericórdia or Hôtel Dieu, for example—deem it necessary to call a consultation, the regular consultation-fee is invariably transmitted to the consultants; and I have myself repeatedly received it, through the treasurer of the hospital, who requires an authenticated receipt, in order to its formal insertion in the annual accounts of the establishment.

The system of consultations, or *juntas* as they are termed, prevails to an almost inconvenient extent in Brazil. No serious case is ever treated without repeated *juntas*; and the number of consultants is rarely under three or four, and frequently much more numerous. The mode of holding the consultation, too, is peculiar; and, so far as I am aware, different from that pursued in any other country. After the patient has been examined by each in turn, the consultants seat themselves commonly in a semicircle, around his bed, while, forming an outer circle, are seated the friends and relatives of the family. Silence being obtained, each physician successively, in hearing of the patient and his friends, enters formally into the history, symptoms, diagnosis, and treatment of the case; often, in fact, delivering his opinion in the form of an oration. And on more than one occasion I have heard, from the surrounding auditors, the *apoiado*, or parliamentary "hear, hear!" of approbation, or the *nao, nao*, of dissent from the opinions of the speaker. In the event of disagreement, the treatment is decided by a simple majority; or, should the votes prove equal, an additional physician is frequently called in, whose vote decides the question. This system, though by no means devoid of advantages, is nevertheless counterbalanced by so many and obvious inconveniences, that, for the interest of the patient, it ought certainly to be abolished; and would be, probably, if the question rested entirely with the profession.

To return to the public establishments. In case of accident or sudden emergency, an officer of the hospital not being at hand, another practitioner is immediately summoned, and paid his regular fee. In fact, seeing that the barrister, the attorney, the priest, and every other class of the community, exacts remuneration—and large remuneration, too—for time and services, the Brazilian cannot be made to comprehend the grounds on which the doctor alone, after long years of study and expense, can be expected to devote his time, his health, and talents, gratuitously to the people.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### LINES.

Ask me not, with simple grace,  
 Pearls of thought to string for thee;  
 For upon thy smiling face  
 Perfect gems I see—  
 In thine eyes of beauty trace  
 Lights that fadeless be.

Bid me not from Memory's land  
 Cull fair flowers of rich perfume;  
 Love will show, with trembling hand,  
 Where far fairer bloom—  
 Clustering on thy cheek they stand,  
 Blushing deep—for whom?

Bid me not with Fancy's gale  
 Wake the music of a sigh;  
 From thy breath a sweeter tale,  
 Silver-winged, floats by;  
 Melodies that never fail,  
 Heard when thou art nigh!

Ask me not—yet, oh! for thee  
 Dearer thoughts my bosom fill,  
 Diramed with tears I cannot see  
 To do thy gracious will:  
 Take, then, my prayer—In heaven may we  
 Behold thee lovelier still!



From Chambers' Journal.

## THE SOMERSET AND OVERBURY TRAGEDY.

THE history of the unworthy favorites whom James I. of England raised to a power so extravagant, has always been surrounded with a tragic mystery. One of them, Buckingham, was stabbed by an assassin; the other, Somerset, was condemned to death for murder. The extravagant dignities and emoluments heaped on these unworthy men, are utterly beyond the belief of those who live under the constitutional government of the present day. Nor was it enough that they obtained the highest titles in the peerage, and large grants out of the public money; they were rewarded in a manner still more dangerous to the public welfare, by being invested with the great, responsible offices of state, which were thus held by young men totally inexperienced, instead of responsible and capable ministers. Of course they distributed all the inferior offices among their relations and connections; and a witty annalist of the day describes the children of the reigning favorite's kindred as swarming about the palaces, and skipping up and down the back-stairs like so many fairies. They had been raised in early youth from a humble condition to this dazzling elevation, and it was only too much in accordance with the frailty of human nature that they should lose head—feel as if they were under no responsibility to their fellow-men—and, as Shakspeare says, “play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as make the angels weep.” Such rapid and ill-founded prosperity never lasts; and generally he who has ascended like a blazing rocket, tumbles to the earth like its charred and blackened socket.

Carr, afterwards made Earl of Somerset, was a raw Scotch youth, without education or training, when he was first brought under the notice of the king, by chancing to have his leg broken in the royal presence in an attempt to mount a fiery horse. When once taken into favor, the king did not care whom he offended, or what injustice he did, to enrich the fortunate youth. When he was besought to spare the heritage of the illustrious and unfortunate Raleigh, he said peevishly: “I mun have it for Carr—I mun have it for Carr!” The favorite desired to have for his wife the Lady Frances Howard, who had been married to the Earl of Essex. The holiest bonds must be broken to please him, and the marriage was shamefully dissolved. This did no great injury, indeed, to Essex. The union had been one entirely of interest, contracted when both were mere children. He was the same Essex who afterwards figured in the civil war—a grave, conscientious, earnest man, who could have had little sympathy with a woman so giddy and unprincipled. She suited better with the prodigate Somerset; but had it not been that the king's favorite demanded it to be dissolved, the original union would have been held sacred.

Great court pageants and festivities hailed the marriage of Carr with the divorced Lady Essex, and the proudest of England's nobility vied with each other in doing honor to the two vile persons thus unpropitiously united. The chief-justice, Coke, and the illustrious Bacon, bowed in the general crowd before their ascendancy. It has been maintained that Ben Jonson, in his rough independence, refused to write a masque for the occasion of these wicked nuptials; but this has been denied; and it is said, that the reason why his works contain no avowed reference to the occasion,

is because they were not published until Somerset's fall. The event took place in 1613; three years afterwards, the same crowd of courtiers and great officers were assembled in Westminster Hall, to behold the earl and countess on their trial for murder.

Sir Thomas Overbury, a man of great talent, who lived, like many other people of that period, by applying his capacity to state intrigues, had been committed to the Tower at the instigation of Somerset. He died there suddenly; and a suspicion arose that he had been poisoned by Somerset and his countess. A curious account of the transactions, which immediately followed, has been preserved in a work called *A Detection of the State and Court of England during the last Four Reigns*. It is the more curious, as the author, Roger Coke, was a grandson of Sir Edward, the great chief-justice, who was a principal actor in the scene. The king was at Royston, accompanied by Somerset, when it appears that Sir Ralph Winwood informed his majesty of the suspicions that were abroad against the favorite. The king immediately determined to inform Coke; but it is feared that the determination arose not from a desire to execute strict justice, but because another favorite, George Villiers, who afterwards became Duke of Buckingham, had already superseded Somerset in the king's esteem.

A message was immediately despatched to Sir Edward Coke, who lived in the Temple. He was in bed when it arrived, and his son, even for one who came in the king's name, would not disturb him; “For I know,” he said, “my father's disposition to be such, that if he be disturbed in his sleep, he will not be fit for any business; but if you will do as we do, you shall be welcome; and about two hours hence my father will rise, and you may then do as you please.” This was at one o'clock of the morning. Precisely at three, a little bell rang, announcing that the most laborious and profound lawyer whom England has ever produced, had begun the toilsome business of the day. It was his practice to go to bed at nine in the evening, and wake at three, and, in every other detail of his life, he pursued this with clock-work uniformity. When he saw the papers laid before him by the messenger, he immediately granted a warrant against Somerset, on a charge of murder.

The favorite, little knowing what a pitfall had been dug in his seemingly prosperous path, was still at Royston, enjoying the most intimate familiarity with the king, when the messenger returned. Deception was so much of an avowed principle with King James, and was so earnestly supported by him, as one of the functions and arts of kingcraft, that in his hands it almost lost its treacherous character, and assumed the appearance of sincerity. He held that a king who acted openly and transparently, neglected his duty, as the vicergerent of the Deity; and that, for the sake of good government and the happiness of his people, he was bound always to conceal his intentions under false appearances, or, when necessary, under false statements. Somerset was sitting beside the king, whose hand rested familiarly on his shoulder, when the warrant was served on him. The haughty favorite frowned, and turned to his master with an exclamation against the insolence of daring to arrest a peer of the realm in the presence of his sovereign. But the king gave him poor encouragement, pretending to be very much alarmed by the power of the chief-justice, and saying: “Nay,

man, if Coke were to send for me, I must go." Somerset was obliged to accompany the messenger. The king, still keeping up his hypocrisy, wailed over his departure—pathetically praying that their separation might not be a long one. It was said by the bystanders, that when Somerset was out of hearing, he was heard to say: "The deil go wi' thee—I shall never see thy face more."

The earl and countess were formally indicted before their peers on a charge of murder. It is now that the mystery of the story begins. It has never appeared clearly what motive they could have had for murdering Sir Thomas Overbury, and the evidence against them is very indistinct and incoherent; yet the countess confessed, and her husband was found guilty. It was attempted to be shown that Overbury had opposed the divorce of the Earl and Countess of Essex, and so had done his best to prevent the union of the favorite with the lady; but whatever opposition he had offered had been overcome; and it is difficult to suppose the revengeful passion so gratuitously pertinacious as to produce a deep assassination-plot from such a cause. So far as one can judge from the extremely disjointed notices of the evidence in the *State Trials* and elsewhere, it was very inconclusive. Sir Thomas certainly died of some violent internal attack. Other persons had been forming plans to poison him, and apparently were successful. The connection of these persons with the earl and countess was, however, faint. They were in communication with Overbury, and it is true some mysterious expressions were used by them—such as the lady saying to some one, that her lord had written to her how "he wondered things were not yet despatched," and such-like expressions. Then there was a story about the conveyance from the countess of "a white powder," intended as a medicine for Sir Thomas, and subsequently of some tarts. As to the latter, there was a letter from the countess to the lieutenant of the Tower, saying: "I was bid to bid you say, that these tarts came not from me;" and again, "I was bid to tell you, that you must take heed of the tarts, because there be letters in them, and therefore neither give your wife nor children of them, but of the wine you may, for there are no letters in it." Through Somerset's influence, Sir W. Wade had been superseded as lieutenant of the Tower, and Sir Jervis Elwes appointed. It was said, that this was done for the purpose of having better opportunity for committing the murder. Elwes, in his examination, however, hinted at the more commonplace crime of bribery as the cause of his elevation. "He said Sir T. Monson told him that Wade was to be removed, and if he succeeded Sir W. Wade, he must bleed—that is, give 2000*l*." To bleed is supposed, when so employed, to be a cant term of modern origin. It is singular how many of these terms, supposed to be quite ephemeral, are met with in old documents. "Bilking a coachman" occurs in a trial of the reign of Charles II.—that of Coal for the murder of Dr. Clench. In an important part of the trial of Somerset there occurs another cant word; it is in the speech of Sir Randal Crew, one of the king's sergeants, against the accused. He represents the ghost of Overbury apostrophizing his murderers in this manner: "And are you thus fallen from me, or rather are you thus heavily fallen upon me to overthrow—to oppress him thus cruelly, thus treacherously, by whose vigilance, counsel, and labor, you have attained your honorable place, your estimation in

the world of a worthy and well-deserving *gent*." After using this now well-known slang expression, the learned sergeant continues to say: "Have I not waked, that you might sleep; cared, that you might enjoy? Have not I been the cabinet of your secrets, which I did ever keep faithfully, without the loss of any one to your prejudice; but by the officious, trusty, careful, and friendly use of them, have gained unto you a sweet and great interest of honor, love, reputation, wealth, and whatsoever might yield contentment and satisfaction to your desires? Have I done all this, to suffer this thus by you, for whom I have so lived as if my sand came in your hour-glass?"

This, though it does not divulge the secret of these strange proceedings, brings us apparently on their scent. It appears that Overbury had acted as the tutor and prompter of Somerset as a statesman. There is an expression sometimes used in politics at the present day, when an inexperienced person, who has the good-fortune to rise to some high office which he has not sufficient knowledge to administer, seeks instruction and guidance from some veteran less fortunate. He is then said to be put to nurse with him. A young ensign under training by a veteran sergeant is a good instance of this. Somerset, raw, uneducated, and untrained, had for his nurse as a courtier and politician the accomplished but less fortunate Sir Thomas Overbury. In the course of this function, Overbury could not fail to acquire some state secrets. It is supposed to have been on account of his possession of these secrets that Somerset poisoned him. But the affair goes further still, for we find that the king was much alarmed for himself on the occasion—was very anxious that the whole position of matters between Somerset and Overbury should not come out in the trial; and gave ground for the obvious inference, that whatever secrets there might be, his majesty was as deeply interested in their being kept as any one.

It was evident that the countess had been prevailed on to confess, and that the utmost pains had been used to get Somerset himself to follow her example, though, much to the king's vexation, he held out, and rendered a trial necessary. On this trial, however, there was nothing like satisfactory evidence—the peers were prepared to convict, and they did so on a few trifling attestations, which gave them a plausible excuse for their verdict. The illustrious Bacon aided the king in his object. He had on other occasions shown abject servility to James—using towards him such expressions of indecorous flattery as these: "Your majesty imitateth Christ, by vouchsafing me to touch the hem of your garment." He was attorney-general, and had in that capacity to conduct the prosecution. Seeing distinctly the king's inclination, he sent a letter to him, praying, "First, that your majesty will be careful to choose a steward [meaning a lord high-steward to preside at the trial in the House of Lords] of judgment, that will be able to moderate the evidence, and cut off digressions; for I may interrupt, but I cannot silence; the other, that there may be special care taken for ordering the evidence, not only for the knitting but the list, and, to use your majesty's own words—the *confining* of it. This to do if your majesty vouchsafe to direct it yourself, that is the best; but if not, I humbly pray you to require my lord chancellor, that he, together with my lord chief-justice, will confer with myself and my fellows that shall be used for the marshalling and bounding of the

evidence, that we may have the help of his opinion, as well as that of my lord chief-justice; whose great travails as I much commend, yet this same *plerophuria*, or over-confidence, does always subject things to a great deal of chance."

The full significance of these cautious expressions about confining and bounding the evidence, was not appreciated until the discovery of some further documents, relating to this dark subject, a few years ago. The expressions were then found to correspond with others, equally cautious, in Bacon's correspondence. Thus he talks of supplying the king with pretexts that "might satisfy his honor for sparing the earl's life;" and in another place he says: "It shall be my care so to moderate the matter of charging him, as it might make him not odious beyond the extent of mercy."

The drift of all this is, in the first place, that as little of the real truth as possible should be divulged in the trial, and that Bacon and others should manage so as to let out enough to get a conviction and no more; hence the evidence is so fragmentary and unsatisfactory, that none but a tribunal prepared to be very easily satisfied could have formed any conclusion from it. In the second place, it was the king's object that Somerset should be assured all along that his life should be spared. The object of this certainly was to prevent him, in his despair, from uttering that secret, whatever it was, about which the king was so terribly alarmed. The reader may now expect some further elucidation of this part of the mystery.

In Sir Anthony Weldon's *Court and Character of King James* (p. 36), we have the following statement in reference to the trial:—

"Now for the last act, enters Somerset himself on the stage, who being told (as the manner is) by the lieutenant, that he must go next day to his trial, did absolutely refuse it, and said they should carry him in his bed; that the king had assured him he should not come to any trial—neither *durst* the king bring him to trial. This was in a high strain, and in a language not well understood by Sir George Moore, then lieutenant in Elwes' room—that made Moore quiver and shake. And however he was near a wise man, yet he was near at his wits' end." This conversation had such an effect on the lieutenant, that though it was twelve o'clock at night, he sped instantly to Greenwich, to see the king. Then he "bownseth at the back-stair, as if mad;" and Loweston, the Scotch groom, aroused from sleep, came in great surprise to ask "the reason of that distemper at so late a season." Moore tells him, he must speak with the king. Loweston replies, "He is quiet"—which, in the Scottish dialect, is fast asleep. Moore says, "You must awake him." We are then told that Moore was called in, and had a secret audience. "He tells the king those passages, and requires to be directed by the king, for he was gone beyond his own reason to hear such bold and undutiful expressions from a faulty subject against a just sovereign. The king falls into a passion of tears: 'On my soul, Moore, I wot not what to do! Thou art a wise man—help me in this great strait, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master;' with other sad expressions. Moore leaves the king in that passion, but assures him he will prove the utmost of his wit to serve his majesty—and was really rewarded with a suit worth to him 1500*l*."

Moore returned to his prisoner, and told him,

"he had been with the king, found him a most affectionate master unto him, and full of grace in his intentions towards him; but," he continued, "to satisfy justice, you must appear, although you return instantly again without any further proceedings—only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you." Somerset seemed satisfied; but Weldon states, that Moore, to render matters quite safe, set two men, placed one on each side of Somerset during his trial, with cloaks hanging on their arms, "giving them withal a peremptory order, if that Somerset did any way fly out on the king, they should instantly hoodwink him with that cloak, take him violently from the bar, and carry him away—for which he would secure them from any danger, and they should not want also a bountiful reward. But the earl, finding himself overreached, recollected a better temper, and went calmly on his trial, when he held the company until seven at night. But who had seen the king's restless motion all that day, sending to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, cursing all that came without tidings, would have easily judged all was not right, and there had been some grounds for his fears of Somerset's boldness; but at last one bringing him word that he was condemned, and the passages, all was quiet."

Weldon solemnly states that he obtained all these facts from Moore's own lips. He was, however, a sarcastic, discontented writer; and, being what is called an upstart, he was supposed to have a malice against kings and courts. For such reasons as these, his narrative was distrusted until its fundamental character, at all events, was confirmed by the late discovery of a bundle of letters addressed by the king to Sir George Moore. The bundle was found carefully wrapped up, and appropriately endorsed, in the repositories of Sir George's descendant. The letters will be found printed in the eighteenth volume of the *Archæologia*, or transactions of the English Antiquarian Society. The following brief extract from them may suffice for the present occasion—the spelling is modernized:—

"GOOD SIR GEORGE—I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have of him not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you that ye cannot conjecture what this may be, for God knows it is only a trick of his idle brain, hoping thereby to shift his trial; but it is easy to be seen, that he would threaten me with laying an aspersion upon me of being in some sort accessory to his crime . . . . Give him assurance in my name, that if he will yet, before his trial, confess cheerily unto the commissioners his guiltiness of this fact, I will not only perform what I promised by my last messenger both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it, according to the phrase of the civil law, &c. I mean not, that he shall confess if he be innocent, but ye know how evil likely that is; and of yourself ye may dispute with him what should mean his confidence now to endure a trial, when, as he remembers, that this last winter he confessed to the chief-justice that his cause was so evil likely as he knew no jury could acquit him. Assure him, that I protest upon my honor my end in this is for his and his wife's good. Ye will do well, likewise, of yourself, to cast out unto him, that ye fear his wife shall plead weakly for his innocency; and that ye find the commissioners

have, ye know not how, some secret assurance that in the end she will confess of him—but this must only be as from yourself."

That there was some secret, of the divulgence of which the king was in the utmost terror, is thus beyond a doubt. What, then, was it? There are no means of deciding. James, it will be seen, hints to Moore, that it was a charge of accession to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. But, in the same letter, James lets us see that Moore himself did not know the exact secret; and we may fairly conjecture that the hint was intended to put him on the wrong scent.

The earl and countess were permitted to live, spending a miserable existence with the fear of punishment hanging over them. The accounts given of the condition into which the once beautiful and too fascinating woman fell, are too disgusting to be repeated. There were many other proceedings connected with the charges of poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, which throw a curious light on the habits of the court, and especially on the criminal attempts to get rid of rivals and enemies by poison and sorcery. They may, perhaps, form a suitable subject for a separate paper.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE HUNCHBACK OF STRASBOURG.

IN the department of the Bas-Rhin, France, and not more than about two leagues north of Strasbourg, lived Antoine Delessert, who farmed, or intended farming, his own land—about a ten-acre slice of "national" property, which had fallen to him, nobody very well knew how, during the hurly-burly of the great Revolution. He was about five-and-thirty, a widower, and had one child, likewise named Antoine, but familiarly known as Le Bossu (hunchback)—a designation derived, like his father's acres, from the Revolution, somebody having, during one of the earlier and livelier episodes of that exciting drama, thrown the poor little fellow out of a window in Strasbourg, and broken his back. When this happened, Antoine, *père* was a journeyman *ferblantier* (tinman) of that city. Subsequently, he became an active, though subordinate member of the local Salut Public; in virtue of which patriotic function he obtained Les Prés, the name of his magnificent estate. Working at his trade was now, of course, out of the question. Farming, as everybody knows, is a gentlemanly occupation, skill in which comes by nature; and Citizen Delessert forthwith betook himself, with his son, to Les Prés, in the full belief that he had stepped at once into the dignified and delightful position of the ousted aristocrat, to whom Les Prés had once belonged, and whose haughty head he had seen fall into the basket. But envious clouds will darken the brightest sky, and the new proprietor found, on taking possession of his quiet, unencumbered domain, that property has its plagues as well as pleasures. True, there was the land, but not a plant, or a seed thereon, or therein, nor an agricultural implement of any kind to work it with. The walls of the old, rambling house were standing, and the roof, except in about a dozen places, kept out the rain with some success; but the nimble, unrespecting fingers of preceding patriots had carried off not only every vestige of furniture, usually so called, but coppers, cistern, pump, locks, hinges—nay, some of the very doors and window-frames! Delessert was

profoundly discontented. He remarked to Le Bossu, now a sharp lad of some twelve years of age, that he was at last convinced of the entire truth of his cousin Boisdet's frequent observation—that the Revolution, glorious as it might be, had been stained and dishonored by many shameful excesses; an admission which the son, with keen remembrance of his compulsory flight from the window, savagely endorsed.

"Peste!" exclaimed the new proprietor, after a lengthened and painful examination of the dilapidations, and general nakedness of his estate—"this is embarrassing. Citizen Destouches was right. I must raise money upon the property, to replace what those brigands have carried off. I shall require three thousand francs at the very least."

The calculation was dispiriting; and after a night's lodging on the bare floor, damply enveloped in a few old sacks, the financial horizon did not look one whit less gloomy in the eyes of Citizen Delessert. Destouches, he sadly reflected, was an iron-fisted notary-public, who lent money, at exorbitant interest, to distressed landowners, and was driving, people said, a thriving trade in that way just now. His pulse must, however, be felt, and money be obtained, however hard the terms. This was unmistakably evident; and, with the conviction tugging at his heart, Citizen Delessert took his pensive way towards Strasbourg.

"You guess my errand, Citizen Destouches?" said Delessert, addressing a flinty-faced man of about his own age, in a small room of Numéro 9, Rue Béchard.

"Yes—money; how much?"

"Three thousand francs is my calculation."

"Three thousand francs! You are not afraid of opening your mouth, I see. Three thousand francs!—humph! Security, ten acres of middling land, uncultivated, and a tumble-down house; title, *droit de guillotine*. It is a risk, but I think I may venture. Pierre Nadaud," he continued, addressing a black-browed, sly, sinister-eyed clerk, "draw a bond, secured upon Les Prés, and the appurtenances, for three thousand francs, with interest at ten per cent."

"Morbieu! but that is famous interest!" interjected Delessert, though timidly.

"Payable quarterly, if demanded," the notary continued, without heeding his client's observation; "with power, of course, to the lender to sell, if necessary, to reimburse his capital, as well as all accruing *dommages-intérêts*."

The borrower drew a long breath, but only muttered: "Ah, well; no matter! We shall work hard, Antoine and I."

The legal document was soon formally drawn; Citizen Delessert signed and sealed, and he had only now to pouch the cash, which the notary placed upon the table.

"Ah ça!" he cried, eyeing the roll of paper proffered to his acceptance with extreme disgust. "It is not in those *chiffons* of assignats, is it, that I am to receive three thousand francs at ten per cent.?"

"My friend," rejoined the notary, in a tone of great severity, "take care what you say. The offence of depreciating the credit or money of the republic is a grave one."

"Who should know that better than I!" promptly replied Delessert. "The paper money of our glorious republic is of inestimable value; but the fact is, Citizen Destouches, I have a weak-



ness, I confess it, for coined money—*argent métallique*. In case of fire, for instance, it”—

"It is very remarkable," interrupted the notary with increasing sternness—"it is very remarkable, Pierre" (Pierre was an influential member of the *Salut Public*), "that the instant a man becomes a landed proprietor he betrays symptoms of *incivisme*; is discovered to be, in fact, an *aristocq* at heart."

"I an *aristocq*?" exclaimed Delessert, turning very pale; "you are jesting, surely. See, I take these admirable assignats—three thousand francs' worth at ten per cent.—with the greatest pleasure. Oh, never mind counting among friends!"

"Pardon!" replied Destouches, with rigid scrupulosity. "It is necessary to be extremely cautious in matters of business. Deducting thirty francs for the bond, you will, I think, find your money correct; but count yourself."

Delessert pretended to do so, but the rage in his heart so caused his eyes to dance and dazzle, and his hands to shake, that he could scarcely see the figures on the assignats, or separate one from the other. He bundled them up at last, crammed them into his pocket, and hurried off, with a sickly smile upon his face, and maledictions, which found fierce utterance as soon as he had reached a safe distance, trembling on his tongue.

"Scélérat! coquin!" he savagely muttered. "Ten per cent. for this moonshine money! I only wish—But never mind, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I must try and buy in the same way that I have been so charmingly sold."

Earnestly meditating this equitable process, Citizen Delessert sought his friend Jean Souday, who lived close by the Fossé des Tanneurs (Tanners' Ditch.) Jean had a somewhat ancient mare to dispose of, which our landed proprietor thought might answer his purpose. Cocotte was a slight waif, sheared off by the sharp axe of the Place de la Révolution, and Souday could therefore afford to sell her cheap. Fifty francs *argent métallique* would, Delessert knew, purchase her; but with assignats, it was quite another affair. But, courage! He might surely play the notary's game with his friend Souday; that could not be so difficult.

"You have no use for Cocotte," suggested Delessert modestly, after exchanging fraternal salutations with his friend.

"Such an animal is always useful," promptly answered Madame Souday, a sharp, notable little woman, with a vinegar aspect.

"To be sure—to be sure! And what price do you put upon this useful animal?"

"Cela dépend"—replied Jean, with an interrogative glance at his helpmate.

"Yes, as Jean says, that depends—entirely depends"—responded the wife.

"Upon what, citoyenne?"

"Upon what is offered, parbleu! We are in no hurry to part with Cocotte; but money is tempting."

"Well, then, suppose we say, between friends, fifty francs?"

"Fifty francs! That is very little; besides I do not know that I shall part with Cocotte at all."

"Come, come; be reasonable. Sixty francs! Is it a bargain?"

Jean still shook his head. "Tempt him with the actual sight of the money," confidentially sug-

gested Madame Souday; "that is the only way to strike a bargain with my husband."

Delessert preferred increasing his offer to this advice, and gradually advanced to 100 francs, without in the least softening Jean Souday's obduracy. The possessor of the assignats was fain, at last, to adopt Madame Souday's iterated counsel, and placed 120 paper francs before the owner of Cocotte. The husband and wife instantly, as silently, exchanged with each other, by the only electric telegraph then in use, the words, "I thought so."

"This is charming money, friend Delessert," said Jean Souday; "far more precious to an enlightened mind than the barbarous coin stamped with effigies of kings and queens of the *ancien régime*. It is very tempting; still, I do not think I can part with Cocotte at any price."

Poor Delessert ground his teeth with rage, but the expression of his anger would avail nothing; and, yielding to hard necessity, he at length, after much wrangling, became the purchaser of the old mare for 250 francs—in assignats. We give this as a specimen of the bargains effected by the owner of Les Prés with his borrowed capital, and as affording a key to the bitter hatred he from that day cherished towards the notary, by whom he had, as he conceived, been so egregiously duped. Towards evening, he entered a wine-shop in the suburb of Robertsau, drank freely, and talked still more so, fatigue and vexation having rendered him both thirsty and bold. Destouches, he assured everybody that would listen to him, was a robber—a villain—a vampire blood-sucker, and he, Delessert, would be amply revenged on him some fine day. Had the loquacious orator been eulogizing some one's extraordinary virtues, it is very probable that all he said would be forgotten by the morrow, but the memories of men are more tenacious of slander and evil-speaking; and thus it happened that Delessert's vituperative and menacing eloquence on this occasion was thereafter reproduced against him with fatal power.

Albeit, the now nominal proprietor of Les Prés, assisted by his son and Cocotte, set to work manfully at his new vocation; and, by dint of working twice as hard, and faring much worse than he did as a journeyman *ferblanter*, contrived to keep the wolf, if not far from the door, at least from entering in. His son, Le Bossu, was a cheerful, willing lad, with large, dark, inquisitive eyes, lit up with much clearer intelligence than frequently falls to the share of persons of his age and opportunities. The father and son were greatly attached to each other; and it was chiefly the hope of bequeathing Les Prés, free from the usurious gripe of Destouches, to his boy, that encouraged the elder Delessert to persevere in his well-nigh hopeless husbandry. Two years thus passed, and matters were beginning to assume a less dreary aspect, thanks chiefly to the notary's not having made any demand in the interim for the interest of his mortgage.

"I have often wondered," said Le Bossu one day, as he and his father were eating their dinner of *soupe aux choux* and black bread, "that Destouches has not called before. He may now as soon as he pleases, thanks to our having sold that lot of damaged wheat at such a capital price; corn must be getting up tremendously in the market. However, you are ready for Destouches' demand of six hundred francs, which it is now."

"Parbleu! quite ready; all ready counted in

these charming assignats; and that is the joke of it. I wish the old villain may call or send soon——”

A gentle tap at the door interrupted the speaker. The son opened it, and the notary, accompanied by his familiar, Pierre Nadaud, quietly glided in.

“Talk of the devil,” growled Delessert audibly, “and you are sure to get a whisk of his tail. Well, messieurs,” he added more loudly, “your business?”

“Money—interest now due on the mortgage for three thousand francs,” replied M. Destouches with much suavity.

“Interest for two years,” continued the sourly-sardonic accents of Pierre Nadaud; “six hundred francs precisely.”

“Very good, you shall have the money directly.” Delessert left the room: the notary took out and unclasped a note-book; and Pierre Nadaud placed a slip of *papier timbré* on the dinner-table, preparatory to writing a receipt.

“Here,” said Delessert, reëntering with a roll of soiled paper in his hand, “here are your six hundred francs, well counted.”

The notary reclasped his note-book, and returned it to his pocket; Pierre Nadaud resumed possession of the receipt paper.

“You are not aware, then, friend Delessert,” said the notary, “that creditors are no longer compelled to receive assignats in payment?”

“How? What do you say?”

“Pierre,” continued M. Destouches, “read the extract from *Le Bulletin des Lois*, published last week.” Pierre did so with a ringing emphasis, which would have rendered it intelligible to a child; and the unhappy debtor fully comprehended that his paper-money was comparatively worthless! It is needless to dwell upon the fury manifested by Delessert, the cool obduracy of the notary, or the cynical comments of the clerk. Enough to say, that M. Destouches departed without his money, after civilly intimating that legal proceedings would be taken forthwith. The son strove to soothe his father’s passionate despair, but his words fell upon unheeding ears; and, after several hours passed in alternate paroxysms of stormy rage and gloomy reveries, the elder Delessert hastily left the house, taking the direction of Strasbourg. Le Bossu watched his father’s retreating figure from the door until it was lost in the clouds of blinding snow that was rapidly falling, and then sadly resumed some indoor employment. It was late when he retired to bed, and his father had not then returned. He would probably remain, the son thought, at Strasbourg for the night.

The chill, lead-colored dawn was faintly struggling on the horizon with the black, gloomy night, when Le Bossu rose. Ten minutes afterwards, his father strode hastily into the house, and threw himself, without a word, upon a seat. His eyes, the son observed, were blood-shot, either with rage or drink—perhaps both; and his entire aspect wild, haggard, and fierce. Le Bossu silently presented him with a measure of *vin ordinaire*. It was eagerly swallowed, though Delessert’s hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pewter flagon to his lips.

“Something has happened,” said Le Bossu, presently.

“Morbien!—yes. That is,” added the father, checking himself, “something *might* have happened, if—— Who’s there?”

“Only the wind shaking the door. What *might* have happened?” persisted the son.

“I will tell you, Antoine. I set off for Strasbourg yesterday, to see Destouches once again, and entreat him to accept the assignats in part payment at least. He was not at home. Marguérite, the old servant, said he was gone to the cathedral, not long since reopened. Well, I found the usurer just coming out of the great western entrance, heathen as he is, looking as pious as a pilgrim. I accosted him, told my errand, begged, prayed, stormed! It was all to no purpose, except to attract the notice and comments of the passers-by. Destouches went his way, and I, with fury in my heart, betook myself to a wine-shop—Le Brun’s. He would not even change an assignat to take for what I drank, which was not a little; and I therefore owe him for it. When the gendarmes cleared the house at last, I was nearly crazed with rage and drink. I must have been so, or I should never have gone to the Rue Bécard, forced myself once more into the notary’s presence, and—— and——”

“And what?” quivered the young man, as his father abruptly stopped, startled as before into silence by a sudden rattling of the crazy door. “And what?”

“And abused him for a flinty-hearted scoundrel, as he is. He ordered me away, and threatened to call the guard. I was flinging out of the house, when Marguérite twitched me by the sleeve, and I stepped aside into the kitchen. ‘You must not think,’ she said, ‘of going home on such a night as this.’ It was snowing furiously, and blowing a hurricane at the time. ‘There is a straw pallet,’ Marguérite added, ‘where you can sleep, and nobody the wiser.’ I yielded. The good woman warmed some soup, and, the storm not abating, I lay down to rest—to rest, do I say?” shouted Delessert, jumping madly to his feet, and pacing furiously to and fro—“the rest of devils! My blood was in a flame; and rage, hate, despair, blew the consuming fire by turns. I thought how I had been plundered by the mercenary ruffian sleeping securely, as he thought, within a dozen yards of the man he had ruined—sleeping securely just beyond the room containing the *secrétaire* in which the mortgage-deed of which I had been swindled was deposited——”

“Oh, father!” gasped the son.

“Be silent, boy, and you shall know all! It may be that I dreamed all this, for I think the creaking of a door, and a stealthy step on the stair, awoke me; but perhaps that, too, was part of the dream. However, I was at last wide awake, and I got up and looked out on the cold night. The storm had passed, and the moon had temporarily broken through the heavy clouds by which she was encompassed. Marguérite had said I might let myself out, and I resolved to depart at once. I was doing so, when, looking round, I perceived that the notary’s office-door was ajar. Instantly a demon whispered, that although the law was restored, it was still blind and deaf as ever—could not see or hear in that dark silence—and that I might easily baffle the cheating usurer after all. Swiftly and softly I darted towards the half-opened door—entered. The notary’s *secrétaire*, Antoine, was wide open! I hunted with shaking hands for the deed, but could not find it. There was money in the drawers, and I—I think I should have taken some—did perhaps, I hardly know how

—when I heard, or thought I did, a rustling sound not far off. I gazed wildly round, and plainly saw in the notary's bedroom—the door of which, I had not before observed, was partly open—the shadow of a man's figure clearly traced by the faint moonlight on the floor. I ran out of the room, and out of the house, with the speed of a madman, and here—here I am!" This said, he threw himself into a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

"That is a chink of money," said Le Bossu, who had listened in dumb dismay to his father's concluding narrative. "You had none, you said, when at the wine-shop."

"Money! Ah, it may be as I said—. Thunder of heaven!" cried the wretched man, again fiercely springing to his feet, "I am lost!"

"I fear so," replied a commissaire de police, who had suddenly entered, accompanied by several gendarmes—"if it be true, as we suspect, that you are the assassin of the notary Destouches."

The assassin of the notary Destouches! Le Bossu heard but these words, and when he recovered consciousness, he found himself alone, save for the presence of a neighbor, who had been summoned to his assistance.

The *procès verbal* stated, in addition to much of what has been already related, that the notary had been found dead in his bed, at a very early hour of the morning, by his clerk, Pierre Nadaud, who slept in the house. The unfortunate man had been stifled by a pillow, it was thought. His *secrétaire* had been plundered of a very large sum, amongst which were Dutch gold ducats—purchased by Destouches only the day before—of the value of more than 6000 francs. Delessert's mortgage-deed had also disappeared, although other papers of a similar character had been left. Six crowns had been found on Delessert's person, one of which was clipped in a peculiar manner, and was sworn to by an *épiciier* as that offered him by the notary the day previous to the murder, and refused by him. No other portion of the stolen property could be found, although the police exerted themselves to the utmost for that purpose.

There was, however, quite sufficient evidence to convict Delessert of the crime, notwithstanding his persistent asseverations of innocence. His known hatred of Destouches, the threats he had uttered concerning him, his conduct in front of the cathedral, Marguerite's evidence, and the finding the crown in his pocket, left no doubt of his guilt, and he was condemned to suffer death by the guillotine. He appealed of course, but that, everybody felt, could only prolong his life for a short time, not save it.

There was one person, the convict's son, who did not for a moment believe that his father was the assassin of Destouches. He was satisfied, in his own mind, that the real criminal was he whose step Delessert had dreamed he heard upon the stair, who had opened the office-door, and whose shadow fell across the bed-room floor; and his eager, unresting thoughts were bent upon bringing this conviction home to others. After a while, light, though as yet dim and uncertain, broke in upon his filial task.

About ten days after the conviction of Delessert, Pierre Nadaud called upon M. Huguet, the procureur-général of Strasbourg. He had a serious complaint to make of Delessert,  *fils*. The young man, chiefly, he supposed, because he had given evidence against his father, appeared to be nourishing a monomaniacal hatred against him, Pierre

Nadaud. "Wherever I go," said the irritated complainant, "at whatever hour, early in the morning and late at night, he dogs my steps. I can in no manner escape him, and I verily believe those fierce, malevolent eyes of his are never closed. I really fear he is meditating some violent act. He should, I respectfully submit, be restrained—placed in a *maison de santé*, for his intellects are certainly unsettled; or otherwise prevented from accomplishing the mischief I am sure he contemplates."

M. Huguet listened attentively to this statement, reflected for a few moments, said inquiry should be made in the matter, and civilly dismissed the complainant.

In the evening of the same day, Le Bossu was brought before M. Huguet. He replied to that gentleman's questioning by the avowal, that he believed Nadaud had murdered M. Destouches. "I believe also," added the young man, "that I have at last hit upon a clue that will lead to his conviction."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will impart it to me?"

"Willingly. The property in gold and precious gems carried off, has not yet been traced. I have discovered its hiding-place."

"Say you so? That is extremely fortunate."

"You know, sir, that beyond the Rue des Vignes there are three houses standing alone, which were gutted by fire some time since, and are now only temporarily boarded up. That street is entirely out of Nadaud's way, and yet he passes and repasses there five or six times a day. When he did not know that I was watching him, he used to gaze curiously at those houses, as if to notice if they were being disturbed for any purpose. Late-ly, if he suspects I am at hand, he keeps his face determinedly away from them, but still seems to have an unconquerable hankering after the spot. This very morning there was a cry raised close to the ruins, that a child had been run over by a cart. Nadaud was passing; he knew I was close by, and violently checking himself, as I could see, kept his eyes fixedly averted from the place, which I have no longer any doubt contains the stolen treasure."

"You are a shrewd lad," said M. Huguet, after a thoughtful pause. "An examination shall at all events take place at nightfall. You, in the mean time, remain here under surveillance."

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, Le Bossu was again brought into M. Huguet's presence. The commissary who arrested his father was also there. "You have made a surprising guess, if it be a guess," said the procureur. "The missing property has been found under a hearth-stone of the centre house." De Bossu raised his hands, and uttered a cry of delight. "One moment," continued M. Huguet. "How do we know this is not a trick concocted by you and your father to mislead justice?"

"I have thought of that," replied Le Bossu calmly. "Let it be given out that I am under restraint, in compliance with Nadaud's request; then have some scaffolding placed to-morrow against the houses, as if preparatory to their being pulled down, and you will see the result, if a quiet watch is kept during the night." The procureur and commissary exchanged glances, and Le Bossu was removed from the room.

It was verging upon three o'clock in the morning, when the watchers heard some one very quietly remove a portion of the back-boarding of

the centre house. Presently, a closely-muffled figure, with a dark lantern and a bag in his hand, crept through the opening, and made direct for the hearth-stone; lifted it, turned on his light slowly, gathered up the treasure, crammed it into his bag, and murmured with an exulting chuckle, as he reclosed the lantern and stood upright: "Safe—safe, at last!" At the instant, the light of half a dozen lanterns flashed upon the miserable wretch, revealing the stern faces of as many gendarmes. "Quite safe, M. Pierre Nadaud!" echoed their leader. "Of that you may be assured." He was unheard; the detected culprit had fainted.

There is little to add. Nadaud perished by the guillotine, and Delessert was, after a time, liberated. Whether or not he thought his ill-gotten property had brought a curse with it, I cannot say; but, at all events, he abandoned it to the notary's heirs, and set off with Le Bossu for Paris, where, I believe, the sign of "Delessert et Fils, Ferblantiers," still flourishes over the front of a respectably furnished shop.

#### THE WEDDING GARMENT.

A CERTAIN king prepared a sumptuous banquet in honor of his son. The first invitations were issued to the nobles of the land, and sundry families who had long been favorites with the prince. But the banqueting-hour arrived, and did not bring them. A sulky fit had seized them, and, as if by combination, they all remained away. But the king was resolved that his munificence was not to be lost, nor the honor intended for his son defeated; and, as all the people round about were alike his subjects, he said to his servants: "The feast is ready, but none of the guests are come. Go out into the highways and hedges, and bring in all you can find." The servants went, and great surprise there was when they told their errand. One poor laborer was returning from his work, and, after toiling all day, had got no wages from the man who hired him, and was trudging wearily home to his empty cupboard, when the king's messenger accosted him, and told that a feast was prepared for him. After the first gaze of incredulity, seeing by his uniform that he was the king's servant, and really in earnest, the poor laborer turned his steps towards the palace. The next was a cripple, who sat by the wayside begging. He had gathered little that day, when the messenger told him he would find a feast at the palace, and the king desired to see him. He had heard that something remarkable was going on at the court, and that the king was giving an entertainment in honor of some special event in his son's history; and—though he scarcely expected anything more than a ration of bread and wine at the gate, as he knew that the king was of a very sumptuous and gracious disposition—he did not hesitate, but raised himself on his crutches, got up, and hobbled away. Then the messenger came to a shady lane, down which a retired old gentleman lived on a small spot of ground of his own. The messenger had far more trouble with him. It was not so much that he questioned the message, or that he did not like the invitation, but that he was annoyed at its abruptness and his own want of preparedness. He asked if there were to be no more invitations issued next week, or if there were no possibility of postponing the visit till the following evening; for, considering his station in society, he would like to appear in his best, and could have been glad of a little

leisure to get all things in order. "However," said the messenger, "you know the custom of our court—the king provides the robes of state—all things are ready, come away;" and, as he posted on, the old householder thought that, rather than run any risk, he had better go at once—though some noticed that, as he passed along, he occasionally eyed his threadbare garment with a look that seemed to say, he could have put on better, had longer time been allowed him. Then, at the palace, it was interesting to see how the different parties acted. According to the custom of that country, and more particularly after the magnificent manner of that king, each guest was furnished, on his arrival, with a gorgeous robe. They were all alike, exceeding rich and costly; and the moment he came up, one was handed to each newcomer, and he put it on, and passed in to the dazzling banquet-hall. Some awkward persons, who did not know the usage of the place, and who had carried with them the mean notions which they learned among the highways and hedges, scrupled to receive these shining robes, and asked what price they must pay for them; and one individual was observed to come in with rather better attire than the most, and when offered a robe of the king's providing, he politely declined it, and stepped forward into the state apartments. He was no sooner there than he rued his vanity, for his faded tinsel contrasted fearfully with the clothing of wrought gold in which the other guests were arrayed. However, instead of going back to get it changed, he awaited the issue. All things were now ready—the folding-doors opened, and, from chambers all-radiant with purest light, and redolent of sweetest odors, amidst a joyful train, the king stepped in to see the guests. A frown for a moment darkened his majestic brow as he espied the presumptuous guest—but the intruder that instant vanished, and, with a benignity which awakened in every soul such a joy as it had never felt before—with a look which conferred nobility wherever it alighted, and a smile that awakened immortality in every bosom—he bade them welcome to the ivory palace, and told them to forget their father's house and their poor original, for he meant to make them princes every one, and, as there were many mansions in the house, they should there abide forever. You will observe that a welcome from the King depends entirely on having on what the Gospel calls "a wedding-robe." —*Dr. James Hamilton.*

From Household Words.

#### THE FIERY TRIAL.

##### A LEGEND.

- "Go, carry to thy convent back  
That scarred and ugly face,  
And sure the lady sisterhood  
Will thank thee for the grace.  
If thoughts of beauty's fleeting bloom  
For such meek souls be fit,  
Good sooth, they have their lesson here,  
Not delicately writ.
- "Our household portraits do they need  
The added charm of thine?  
No; let oblivion drink the blot  
From our well-favored line."
- "In days of old, oh grandame stern!  
The holy olden time,  
To give a blemished lamb to God,  
It was a grievous crime.



"My darling sister from my kiss  
Her bright mouth backward drew,  
As though she feared the faded lips  
Had power to wither too.  
But her; why do I speak of her?  
My father scowled at me;  
Was it a dream that I had been  
Once fondled on his knee?"

"And yet, I could have borne it all  
Had but my mother shewn  
That e'en beneath such foul disguise,  
Her love could tell its own.  
I kissed her hand, for near embrace  
I felt had been amiss;  
But my whole heart, my yearning heart,  
I poured into that kiss.

"Oh love! wert thou as powerful  
As legends say thou art,  
Thy charmed touch had moved her hand  
To draw me to her heart.  
They say I was a pretty child  
(They need to say so now!)  
Ah! then she used to smooth the hair  
That curled about my brow.

"The curls are gone, or gold or brown,  
Their lost hue I forgot,  
But, on their scorched and scant remains  
That pressure lingers yet.  
But, for the cruel hand that stayed  
The red flames wreathing high,  
I might have died, and left my name  
A household memory.

"And, deep within my mother's heart,  
Beyond Death's power to kill,  
I still had been the little child,  
The bright-haired darling still."

"Go back! Thy seemly covering  
The veil and hood must be,  
For never shall our ancient house  
Give coronet to thee."

"A coronet! oh, give me back  
The home affection gone!  
I covet from our lineal gems  
That pearl of price alone.  
'T was at thy word the convent's gloom  
My childhood darken'd o'er;  
But I've stepped beyond the worldly shades,  
I shall not enter more.

"Bethink thee, I am scarce sixteen,  
And grievous it appears  
To learn my life-time in a day,  
Yet live it three-score years.  
As well I may, for convent life  
Doth draw a sluggish breath;  
Life, did I say?—'t were better called  
A long look-out for death.

"And, oh! amidst those cloisters dim,  
Where not e'en *thought* is free,  
The mounting bird, the running stream,  
Would still keep haunting me.  
Nor could the missal's sacred lore  
My thoughts with Heaven engage;  
Some landscape from the world without  
Still floated o'er the page.

"Keep, keep thy wealth, and rank and name,  
Yea, home and friend deny,  
Let me be free to come and go  
Beneath God's open sky.  
In nature's large and loving heart  
I have not lost my place;  
The stream that gives *thine* image back  
Doth not refuse *my* face.

"The flower doth not avoid my touch,  
Nor tall tree wave me hence,  
The breeze doth kiss thy cheek and mine  
Without a difference.

But sickly plants I love to tend,  
For these my kindred be,  
And, when their gentle breath flows out,  
It feels like sympathy.

"With these and my unquestioned thoughts  
Here will I live and die;  
Though at the altar, I should stand,  
Thy power I will defy."  
In vain their stormy anger burst  
The steadfast maiden o'er;  
So they were fain to seek for one  
To take that burden sore.

They offered wealth, but knight and squire  
Of high and low degree,  
Vowed they would need her weight in gold  
To wed with such as she.  
Then the poor maiden raised her head,  
And all a woman's pride  
Swelled the slight neck, while jest and scoff  
Flew round from side to side.

But up then spake a yeoman stanch,  
And his sun-browned face flushed high,  
"If ye be knights and gentlemen,  
Thank God, so am not I!  
I have a home. Dear lady, say,  
If thou couldst stoop so low,  
Thou knowest that on the lowly bush  
A pleasant fruit doth grow.

"An ancient house; it hath in front  
An oak, a royal tree;  
But each old branch, at morn and eve,  
Shall learn to bow to thee.  
It hath a pleasant garden-ground;  
I'll make thee there a seat,  
Just where the rivulet can float  
Its lilies to thy feet.

"A quiet house, where, year by year,  
The building swallows come;  
Poor wounded bird! the heights are cold,  
Come to the sheltered home.  
And, to atone for all the griefs  
That robbed youth of its right,  
True love shall make thy later years  
A childhood for delight."

And then the maiden bent her head,  
And all her pride was gone;  
She said, "I will wear out my life  
In serving thee alone."  
Then spake the grandame: "As thy wife  
She may not own my name."

"And shall not!" quoth the yeoman bold,  
"It was her only shame.

"And keep thy wealth, thou cruel heart!  
It never shall be told,  
My wife had not sufficient worth  
To be mine, without gold."  
Thus cast they from their halls of pride  
Their innocent reproach;  
But her bruised heart felt evermore  
Affection's healing touch.

And love, o'er the unsightly face,  
To its old magic true,  
Shed colored floods of softened light  
To please the husband's view;  
She read and sang to win his ear,  
And often would he bless  
The voice, that seemed the lingering sprite  
Of her dead loveliness.

And, as the years increased, arose  
Fair children round her knees,  
Who only felt their mother's love,  
Not her deformities.  
Her features did from her altered life  
Such natural graces gain,  
Her mother's self could scarce have known  
The happy Lady Jane.

## PART IV.

FARDOROUGH stood amazed and confounded, looking from one to another like a man who felt incapable of comprehending all that had passed before him. His forehead, over which fell a few gray thin locks, assumed a deadly paleness, and his eye lost the piercing expression which usually characterized it. He threw his *Cothmore* several times over his shoulders, as he had been in the habit of doing when about to proceed after breakfast to his usual avocations, and as often laid it aside, without being at all conscious of what he did. His limbs appeared to get feeble, and his hands trembled as if he labored under palsy. In this mood he passed from one to another, sometimes seizing a constable by the arm with a hard, tremulous grip, and again suddenly letting go his hold of him without speaking. At length a singular transition from this state of mind became apparent; a gleam of wild exultation shot from his eye; his sallow and blasted features brightened; the *Cothmore* was buttoned under his chin with a rapid energy of manner evidently arising from the removal of some secret apprehension.

"Then," he exclaimed, "it's no robbery; it's not robbery after all; but how could it! there's no money here; not a penny; an' I'm belied, at any rate; for there's not a poorer man in the barony—thank God, it's not robbery!"

"Oh, Fardorougha," said the wife, "don't you see they're goin' to take him away from us?"

"Take who away from us?"

"Connor, your own Connor—our boy—the light of my heart—the light of his poor mother's heart! Oh, Connor, Connor, what is it they're goin' to do to you?"

"No harm, mother, I trust; no harm—don't be frightened."

The old man put his open hands to his temples, which he pressed bitterly, and with all his force, for nearly half a minute. He had, in truth, been alarmed into the very worst mood of his habitual vice, apprehension concerning his money; and felt that nothing, except a powerful effort, could succeed in drawing his attention to the scene which was passing before him.

"What," said he; "what is it that's wrong wid Connor?"

"He must come to jail," said one of the men, looking at him with surprise; "we have already stated the crime for which he stands committed."

"To jail! Connor O'Donovan to jail!"

"It's too true, father; Bartle Flanagan has sworn that I burned Mr. O'Brien's haggard."

"Connor, Connor," said the old man, approaching him as he spoke, and putting his arms composedly about his neck, "Connor, my brave boy, my brave boy, it was n't you did it; 't was I did it," he added, turning to the constables; "lave him, lave him with her, an' take me in his place! Who would if I would not—who ought, I say—an' I'll do it—take me; I'll go in his place."

Connor looked down upon the old man, and as he saw his heart rent, and his reason absolutely tottering, a sense of the singular and devoted affection which he had ever borne him, overcame him, and with a full heart he dashed away a tear from his eye, and pressed his father to his breast.

"Mother," said he, "this will kill the old man; it will kill him!"

"Fardorougha, a hagar," said his wife, feeling

it necessary to sustain him as much as possible, "don't take it so much to heart, it won't signify—Connor's innocent, an' no harm will happen to him!"

"But are you lavin' us, Connor? are they—must they bring you to jail?"

"For a while, father; but I won't be long there I hope."

"It's an unpleasant duty on our part," said the principal of them; "still it's one we must perform. Your father should lose no time in taking the proper steps for your defence."

"And what are we to do?" asked the mother; "God knows the boy's as innocent as I am."

"Yes," said Fardorougha, still dwelling upon the resolution he had made; "I'll stand for you, Connor; you won't go; let them bring *me* instead of *you*."

"That's out of the question," replied the constable; "the law suffers nothing of the kind to take place; but if you will be advised by me, lose no time in preparing to defend him. It would be unjust to disguise the matter from you, or to keep you ignorant of its being a case of life and death."

"Life and death! what do you mane?" asked Fardorougha, staring vacantly at the last speaker.

"It's painful to distress you; but if he's found guilty, it's death."

"Death! hanged!" shrieked the old man, awaking as it were for the first time to a full perception of his son's situation; "hanged! my boy hanged! Connor, Connor, don't go from me!"

"I'll die wid him," said the mother; "I'll die wid you, Connor. We could n't live widout him," she added, addressing the strangers; "as God is in heaven we could n't! Oh Connor, Connor, avourneen, what is it that has come over us, and brought us to this sorrow?"

The mother's grief then flowed on, accompanied by a burst of that unstudied, but pathetic eloquence, which in Ireland is frequently uttered in the tone of wail and lamentation peculiar to those who mourn over the dead.

"No," she added, with her arms tenderly about him, and her streaming eyes fixed with a wild and mournful look of despair upon his face; "no, he is in his loving mother's arms, the boy that never gave to his father or me a harsh word or a sore heart! Long were we lookin' for him, an' little did we think it was for this heavy fate that the goodness of God sent him to us! Oh, many a look of lovin' affection, many a happy heart did he give us! Many a time Connor, avillish, did I hang over your cradle, and draw out to myself the happiness and the good that I hoped was before you. You wor too good—too good, I doubt—to be long in such a world as this; an' no wonder that the heart of the fair young colleen, the heart of the colleen *dhas dhun* should rest upon you and love you; for who ever knew you that did n't! Is n't there enough, King of heaven! enough of the bad an' the wicked in this world for the law to punish, an' not to take the innocent—not to take away from us the only one—the *only one*—I can't—I can't—but if they do—Connor—if they do, your lovin' mother will die with you!"

The stern officers of justice wiped their eyes, and were proceeding to afford such consolation as they could, when Fardorougha, who had sat down after having made way for Honor to recline on the bosom of their son, now rose, and seizing the breast of his coat, was about to speak, but ere he could utter a word he tottered, and would have instantly

fallen, had not Connor caught him in his arms. This served for a moment to divert the mother's grief, and to draw her attention from the son to the husband, who was now insensible. He was carried to the door by Connor; but when they attempted to lay him in a recumbent posture, it was found almost impossible to unclasp the death-like grip which he held of the coat. His haggard face was shrunk and collapsed; the individual features sharp and thin, but earnest and stamped with traces of alarm; his brows, too, which were slightly knit, gave to his whole countenance a character of keen and painful determination. But that which struck those who were present, most, was the unyielding grasp with which he clung even in his insensibility to the person of Connor.

If not an affecting sight, it was one at least strongly indicative of the intractable and indurated attachment which put itself forth with such vague and illusive energy on behalf of his son. At length he recovered, and on opening his eyes he fixed them with a long look of pain and distraction upon the boy's countenance.

"Father," said Connor, "don't be cast down—you need not—and you ought not to be so much disheartened—do you feel better?"

When the father heard his voice he smiled; yes—his shrunk, pale, withered face was lit up by a wild, indescribable ecstasy, whose startling expression was borrowed, one would think, as much from the light of insanity as from that of returning consciousness. He sucked in his thin cheeks, smacked his parched, skinny lips, and with difficulty called for drink. Having swallowed a little water, he looked round him with more composure, and inquired—

"What has happened me? am I robbed? are you robbers? But I tell you there's no money in the house. I lodged the last penny yesterday—afore my God I did—but—oh, what am I sayin'? what is this, Connor?"

"Father dear, compose yourself—we'll get over this throuble."

"We will, darlin'," said Honor, wiping the pale brows of her husband; "an' we won't lose him."

"No, achora," said the old man; "no, we won't lose him! Connor!"

"Well, father dear!"

"There's a thing here—here"—and he placed his hand upon his heart—"something it is that makes me afear'd—a sinkin'—a weight—and there's a strugglin', too, Connor. I know I can't stand it long—an' it's about you—it's *all* about you."

"You distress yourself too much, father; indeed, you do. Why, I hoped that you would comfort my poor mother till I come back to her and you, as I will, please God."

"Yes," he replied; "yes, I will, I will."

"You had better prepare," said one of the officers; "the sooner this is over the better—he's a feeble man and not very well able to bear it."

"You are right," said Connor; "I won't delay many minutes; I have only to change my clothes, an' I'm ready."

In a short time he made his appearance dressed in his best suit; and, indeed, it would be extremely difficult to meet, in any rank of life, a finer specimen of vigor, activity, and manly beauty. His countenance, at all times sedate and open, was on this occasion shaded by an air of profound

melancholy that gave a composed grace and dignity to his whole bearing.

"Now, father," said he, "before I go, I think it right to lave you and my poor mother all the consolation I can. In the presence of God, in yours, in my dear mother's, and in the presence of all who hear me, I am as innocent of the crime that's laid to my charge as the babe unborn. That's a comfort for you to know, and let it prevent you from frettin'; and now, good-by; God be with you, and strengthen, and support you both!"

Fardorougha had already seized his hand; but the old man could neither speak nor weep; his whole frame appeared to have been suddenly pervaded by a dry agony that suspended the beatings of his very heart. The mother's grief, on the contrary, was loud, and piercing and vehement. She threw herself once more upon his neck; she kissed his lips, she pressed him to her heart, and poured out as before the wail of a wild and hopeless misery. At length, by the aid of some slight but necessary force, her arms were untwined from about his neck; and Connor then, stooping, embraced his father, and, gently placing him upon a settle bed, bade him farewell! On reaching the door he paused, and, turning about, surveyed his mother struggling in the hands of one of the officers to get embracing him again, and his gray-haired father sitting in speechless misery on the settle. He stood a moment to look upon them, and a few bitter tears rolled, in the silence of manly sorrow, down his cheeks.

"Oh, Fardorougha!" exclaimed his mother, after they had gone, "sure it is n't merely for partin' wid him that we feel so heart-broken. He may never stand under this roof again, an' he all we have and had to love!"

"No," returned Fardorougha, quietly; "no, it's not, as you say, for merely partin' wid him—hanged! God! God! *him*—here—Honor—here, the thought of it—I'll die—it'll break! Oh, God support me! my heart—here—my heart'll break! My brain, too, and my head—oh! if God 'ud take me before I'd see it! But it can't be—it's not possible that our innocent boy should meet sich a death!"

"No, dear, it is not; sure he's innocent—that's one comfort; but, Fardorougha, as the men said, you must go to a lawyer and see what can be done to defend him."

The old man rose up and proceeded to his son's bedroom.

"Honor," said he, "come here;" and while uttering these words he gazed upon her face with a look of unutterable and helpless distress; "there's his bed, Honor—his bed—he may never sleep on it more—he may be cut down like a flower in his youth—an' then what will become of us?"

"Forever, from this day out," said the distracted mother; "no hands will ever make it but my own; on no other will I sleep—we will both sleep—where *his* head lay there will mine be too—avick machree—machree! Och, Fardorougha, we can't stand this; let us not take it to heart, as we do; let us trust in God, an' hope for the best."

Honor, in fact, found it necessary to assume the office of a comforter; but it was clear that nothing urged or suggested by her could for a moment win back the old man's heart from a contemplation of the loss of his son. He moped about for a considerable time; but, ever and anon, found himself

in Connor's bedroom, looking upon his clothes and such other memorials of him as it contained.

During the occurrence of these melancholy incidents at Fardorough's, others of a scarcely less distressing character were passing under the roof of Bodagh Buie O'Brien.

Our readers need not be informed that the charge brought by Bartle Flanagan against Connor, excited the utmost amazement in all who heard it. So much at variance were his untarnished reputation and amiable manners with a disposition so dark and malignant as that which must have prompted the perpetration of such a crime, that it was treated at first by the public as an idle rumor. The evidence, however, of Phil Curtis, and his deposition to the conversation which occurred between him and Connor at the time and place already known to the reader, together with the corroborating circumstances arising from the correspondence of the foot-prints about the haggard with the shoes produced by the constable—all, when combined together, left little doubt of his guilt. No sooner had this impression become general, than the spirit of the father was immediately imputed to the son, and many sagacious observations made, all tending to show, that, as they expressed it, "the bad drop of the old rogue would sooner or later come out in the young one;" "he would n't be what he was, or the bitter heart of the miser would appear;" with many other apothegms of similar import. The family of the Bodagh, however, were painfully and peculiarly circumstanced. With the exception of Una herself, none of them entertained a doubt that Connor was the incendiary. Flanagan had maintained a good character, and his direct impeachment of Connor, supported by such exact circumstantial evidence, left nothing to be urged in the young man's defence. Aware as they were of the force of Una's attachment, and apprehensive that the shock, arising from the discovery of his atrocity might be dangerous if injudiciously disclosed to her, they resolved, in accordance with the suggestion of their son, to break the matter to herself with the utmost delicacy and caution.

"It is better," said John, "that she should hear of the misfortune from ourselves; for, after breaking it to her as gently as possible, we can at least attempt to strengthen and console her under it."

"Heaven above sees," exclaimed his mother, "that it was a black and unlucky business to her and to all of us; but now that she knows what a revengeful villain he is, I'm sure she'll not find it hard to banish him out of her thoughts. *Deah Grasthias* for the escape she had from him at any rate!"

"John, bring her in," said the father; "bring the unfortunate young creature in. I can't but pity her, Bridget; I can't but pity *ma colleen voghlh*."

When Una entered with her brother she perceived, by a glance at the solemn bearing of her parents, that some unhappy announcement was about to be made to her. She sat down, therefore, with a beating heart and a cheek already pale with apprehension.

"Una," said her father, "we sent for you to mention a circumstance that we would rather you should hear from ourselves than from strangers. You were always a good girl, Una—an' obadient girl, and sensible beyant your years; and I trust that your good sinse and the grace of the Almighty

will enable you to bear up undher any disappointment that may come upon you."

"Surely, father, there can be nothing worse than I know already," she replied.

"Why, what *do* you know, dear?"

"Only what you told me the day Fardorough was here, that nothing agreeable to my wishes could take place."

"I would give a great deal that the business was now as it was even then," responded her father; "there's far worse to come, Una, an' you must be firm, an' prepare to hear what'll thry you sorely."

"I can't guess it, father; but for God's sake tell me at once."

"Who do you think burned our property?"

"And I suppose if she had n't been undher the one roof wid us that it's ourselves he'd burn," observed her mother.

"Father, tell me the worst at once—whatever it may be;—how could I guess the villain or villains who destroyed our property?"

"Villain, indeed! you may well say so," returned the Bodagh. "That villain is no other than Connor O'Donovan!"

Una felt as if a weighty burthen had been removed from her heart; she breathed freely; her depression and alarm vanished, and her dark eye kindled into a proud confidence in the integrity of her lover.

"And, father," she asked, in a full and firm voice, "is there nothing worse than *that* to come?"

"Worse! is the girl's brain turned?"

"*Dhar a Lhora Heena*, she's as mad I believe as ould Fardorougha himself," said her mother; "*worse!* why, she has parted wid all the little reasing she ever had."

"Indeed, mother, I hope I have not, and that my reason's as clear as ever; but, as to Connor O'Donovan, he's innocent of that charge, and of every other that may be brought against him; I don't believe it, and I never will."

"It's proved against him; it's brought home to him."

"Who's his accuser?"

"His father's servant, Bartle Flanagan, has turned king's evidence."

"The deep-dyed villain!" she exclaimed, with indignation; "father, of that crime, so sure as God's in heaven, so sure is Connor O'Donovan innocent, and so sure is Bartle Flanagan guilty—I know it."

"You know it—explain yourself."

"I mean *I feel it*—ay, home to the core of my heart—my unhappy heart—I feel the truth of what I say."

"Una," observed her brother, "I'm afraid you have been vilely deceived by him—there's not the slightest doubt of his guilt."

"Don't you be deceived, John; I say he's innocent—as I hope for heaven he's innocent; and, father, I'm not a bit cast down or disheartened by anything I have yet heard against him."

"You're a very extraordinary girl, Una; but for my part I'm glad you look upon it as you do. If his innocence appears, no man alive will be better plazed at it than myself."

"His innocence *will* appear," exclaimed the faithful girl; "it must appear; and, father, mark this—I say, time will tell yet who is innocent and who is guilty. God knows," she added, her energy of manner increasing, while a shower of hot tears fell down her cheeks, "God knows I would



marry him to-morrow with the disgrace of that and ten times as much upon him, so certain am I that his heart and his hand are free from thought or deed that's either treacherous or dishonorable."

"Marry him!" said her mother, losing temper; "nobody doubts but you'd marry him on the gallows, wid the rope about his neck."

"I would do it, and unite myself to a true heart. Don't mistake me, and mother, dear, don't blame me," she added, her tears flowing still faster; "he's in disgrace—sunk in shame and sorrow—and I won't conceal the force of what I feel for him; I won't desert him now as the world will do; I know his heart, and on the scaffold to-morrow I would become his wife, if it would take away one atom of his misery."

"If he's innocent," said her father, "you have more penetration than any girl in Europe; but if he's guilty of such an act against any one connected with you, Una, the guilt of all the devils in hell is no match for his. Well, you have heard all we wanted to say to you, and you needn't stay."

"As she herself says," observed John, "perhaps time will place everything in its true light. At present all those who are not in love with him have little doubt of his guilt. However, even as it is, in principle Una is right; putting love out of the question, we should prejudice no one."

"Time will," said his sister, "or rather God will in his own good time. On God I'm sure *he* depends; on his providence I also rely for seeing his name and character cleared of all that has been brought against him. John, I wish to speak to you in my own room; not that I intend to make any secret of it, but I want to consult with you first."

"*Cheerna dheelish*," exclaimed her mother; "what a wife that child would make to any man that deserved her!"

"It's more than I'm able to do, to be angry with her," returned the Bodagh. "Did you ever know her to tell a lie, Bridget?"

"A lie! no, nor the shadow of a lie never came out of her lips; the desate's not in her; an' may God look down on her wid compunction this day; for there's a dark road I doubt before her!"

"Amen," responded her father; "amen, I pray the Saviour. At all events, O'Donovan's guilt or innocence will soon be known," he added; "the 'sazes begin this day week, so that the business will soon be either one way or other."

Una, on reaching her own room, thus addressed her affectionate brother:

"Now, John, you know that my grandfather left me two hundred guineas in his will, and you know, too, the impossibility of getting any money from the clutches of Fardorougha. You must see Connor, and find out how he intends to defend himself. If his father won't allow him sufficient means to employ the best lawyers—as I doubt whether he will or not—just tell him the truth, that whilst I have a penny of these two hundred guineas, he mustn't want money; an' tell him, too, that all the world won't persuade me that he's guilty; say I know him to be innocent, and that his disgrace has made him dearer to me than he ever was before."

"Surely you can't suppose for a moment, my dear Una, that I, your brother, who, by the way, has never opened my lips to him, could deliberately convey such a message."

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"It must be conveyed in some manner; I'm resolved on that."

"The best plan," said the other, "is to find out whatsoever attorney they employ, and then to discover, if possible, whether his father has furnished sufficient funds for his defence. If he has, your offer is unnecessary; and if not, a private arrangement may be made with the attorney of which nobody else need know anything."

"God bless you, John! God bless you!" she replied; "that is far better; you have been a good brother to your poor Una—to your poor unhappy Una!"

She leaned her head on a table, and wept for some time at the trying fate, as she termed it, which hung over two beings so young and so guiltless of any crime. The brother soothed her by every argument in his power, and, after gently compelling her to dry her tears, expressed his intention of going early the next day to ascertain whether or not any professional man had been engaged to conduct the defence of her unfortunate lover.

In effecting this object there was little time lost on the part of young O'Brien. Knowing that two respectable attorneys lived in the next market town, he deemed it best to ascertain whether Fardorougha had applied to either of them for the purposes aforementioned, or, if not, to assure himself whether the old man had gone to any of those pettifoggers, who, rather than appear without practice, will undertake a cause almost on any terms, and afterwards institute a lawsuit for the recovery of a much larger bill of costs than a man of character and experience would demand.

In pursuance of the plan concerted between them, the next morning found him rapping, about eleven o'clock, at the door of an attorney named Kennedy, whom he asked to see on professional business. A clerk, on hearing his voice in the hall, came out and requested him to step into a back room, adding that his master, who was engaged, would see him the moment he had despatched the person then with him. Thus shown, he was separated from O'Halloran's office only by a pair of folding doors, through which every word uttered in the office could be distinctly heard; a circumstance that enabled O'Brien unintentionally to overhear the following dialogue between the parties:

"Well, my good friend," said Kennedy to the stranger, who, it appeared, had arrived before O'Brien only a few minutes, "I am now disengaged; pray, let me know your business."

The stranger paused a moment, as if seeking the most appropriate terms in which to express himself.

"It's a black business," he replied, "and the worst of it is I'm a poor man."

"You should not go to law, then," observed the attorney. "I tell you beforehand you will find it is devilish expensive."

"I know it," said the man; "it's open robbery; I know what it cost me to recover the little pences that wor sometimes due to me, when I broke myself lending weeny thrifles to strugglin' people that I thought honest, an' robbed me afterwards."

"In what way can my services be of use to you at present? for that I suppose is the object of your calling upon me," said Kennedy.

"Oh thin, sir, if you have the grace of God, or kindness, or pity in your heart, you can sarve me you can save my heart from breakin'!"

"How—how, man!—come to the point."

"My son, sir, Connor, my only son, was taken away from his mother an' me, an' put into jail yesterday mornin', an' he innocent; he was put in, sir, for burnin' Bodagh Buie O'Brien's haggard, an' as God is above me, he as much burnt it as you did."

"Then you are Fardorougha Donovan," said the attorney; "I have heard of that outrage; and, to be plain with you, a good deal about yourself. How, in the name of Heaven, can you call yourself a poor man?"

"They belie me, sir, they're bitter enemies that say I'm otherwise."

"Be you rich or be you poor, let me tell you that I would not stand in your son's situation for the wealth of the king's exchequer. Sell your last cow; your last coat; your last acre; sell the bed from under you, without loss of time, if you wish to save his life; and I tell you that for this purpose you must employ the best counsel, and plenty of them. The Assizes commence on this day week, so that you have not a single moment to lose. Think now whether you love your son or your money best."

"Saver of earth, am n't I an unhappy man! every one sayin' I have money, an' me has not! Where would I get it? Where would a man like me get it! Instead o' that, I'm so poor that I see plainly I'll starve yet; I see it's before me! God pity me this day! But agin, there's my boy, my boy; oh God, pity him! Say what's the laste, the lowest, the very lowest you could take, for findin' him; an' for pity's sake, for charity's sake, for God's sake, don't grind a poor, helpless, ould man by extortion. If you knew the boy—if you knew him—oh, afore my God, if you knew him, you would n't be apt to charge a penny; you'd be proud to sarve sich a boy."

"You wish everything possible to be done for him, of course."

"Of coorse, of coorse; but without extravagance; as say an' light on a poor man as you can. You could shorten it, sure, an' lave out a great dale that 'ud be of no use; an' half the paper 'ud do; for you might make the clerks write close—why, very little 'ud be wanted if you wor savin'."

"I can defend him with one counsel if you wish; but, if anxious to save the boy's life, you ought to enable your attorney to secure a strong bar of the most eminent lawyers he can engage."

"An' what 'ud it cost to hire three or four of them?"

"The whole expenses might amount to between thirty and forty guineas."

A deep groan of dismay, astonishment, and anguish, was the only reply made to this for some time.

"Oh heavens above!" he screamed, "what will—what *will* become of me! I'd rather be dead, as I'll soon be, than hear this, or know it at all. How could I get it? I'm as poor as poverty itself! Oh, could n't you feel for the boy, an' defend him on trust; could n't you feel for him?"

"It is your business to do that," returned the man of law, coolly.

"Feel for him; me! oh, little you know how my heart's in him; but any way, I'm an unhappy man; everything in the world wide goes against me; but—oh, my darlin' boy—Connor, Connor, my son, to be tould that I don't feel for you—well you know, avourneen machree—well you know that I feel for you, and 'ud kiss the track of your feet upon the

ground. Oh, it's eruel to tell it to me; to say sich a thing to a man that his heart's breakin' widin' him for your sake; but, sir, you sed this minute that you could defend him wid *one* lawyer?"

"Certainly, and with a cheap one, too, if you wish; but, in that case, I would rather decline the thing altogether."

"Why! why! sure if you can defend him chapely, is n't it so much saved! is n't it the same as if you defended him at a higher rate! Sure, if one lawyer tells the truth for the poor boy, ten or fifteen can do no more; an' thin maybe they'd crass in an' puzzle one another if you hired too many of them."

"How would you feel, should your son be found guilty? you know the penalty is his life. He will be executed."

O'Brien could hear the old man clap his hands in agony, and in truth he walked about wringing them as if his heart would burst.

"What will I do?" he exclaimed; "what will I do? I can't lose him, an' I won't lose him! Lose him! oh God, oh God, it is to lose the best son and only child that ever man had! Would n't it be downright murder in me to let him be lost if I could prevint it? Oh, if I was in his place, what would n't he do for me, for the father that he always loved!"

The tears ran copiously down his furrowed cheeks; and his whole appearance evinced such distraction and anguish as could rarely be witnessed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he added; "I'll give you fifty guineas *after my death* if you'll defend him properly."

"Much obliged," replied the other; "but in matters of this kind we make no such bargains."

"I'll make it sixty, in case you don't axe it now."

"Can you give me security that I'll survive you? Why, you are tough-looking enough to outlive me."

"Me tough!—no, God help me, my race is nearly run; I won't be alive this day twelve months—look at the differ between us."

"This is idle talk," said the attorney; "determine on what you'll do; really my time is valuable, and I am now wasting it to no purpose."

"Take the offer—depind on t' it'll soon come to you."

"No, no," said the other, coolly; "not at all; we might shut up shop if we made such *post obit* bargains as that."

"I'll tell you," said Fardorougha; "I'll tell you what;" his eyes gleamed with a reddish, bitter light; and he clasped his withered hands together, until the joints cracked, and the perspiration teemed from his pale, sallow features; "I'll tell you," he added—"I'll make it seventy!"

"No."

"Aighty!"

"No."

"Ninety!"—with a husky shriek.

"No, no."

"A hundhre"—a hundhre—a hundhre," he shouted; "a hundhre, when I'm gone—when I'm gone!"

One solemn and determined No, that precluded all hopes of any such arrangement, was the only reply.

The old man leaped up again, and looked impatiently and wildly and fiercely about him.

"What are you!" he shouted; "what are you?"

—You're a devil—a born devil. Will nothing but my death satisfy you? Do you want to rob me—to starve me—to murder me? Don't you see the state I'm in by you? Look at me—look at these thremblin' limbs—look at the sweat powerin' down from my poor odd face! What is it you want? There—there's my gray hairs to you. You have brought me to that—to more than that—I'm dyin' this minute—I'm dyin'—oh, my boy—my boy, if I had you here—ay, I'm—I'm—”

He staggered over on his seat, his eyes gleaming in a fixed and intense glare at the attorney; his hands were clenched, his lips parched, and his mummy-like cheeks sucked, as before, into his toothless jaws. In addition to all this, there was a bitter white smile of despair upon his features, and his thin gray locks, that were discomposed in the paroxysm by his own hands, stood out in disorder upon his head. We question, indeed, whether mere imagination could, without having actually witnessed it in real life, conceive any object so frightfully illustrative of the terrible dominion which the passion of avarice is capable of exercising over the human heart.

“I protest to Heaven,” exclaimed the attorney, alarmed, “I believe the man is dying—if not dead, he is motionless.”

“O'Donovan, what's the matter with you?”

The old man's lips gave a dry hard smack, then became desperately compressed together, and his cheeks were drawn still further into his jaws. At length he sighed deeply, and changed his fixed and motionless attitude.

“He is alive, at all events,” said one of his young men.

Fardorougha turned his eyes upon the speaker, then upon his master, and successively upon two other assistants who were in the office.

“What is this?” said he, “what is this?—I'm very weak—will you get me a drink o' wather? God help me—God direct me! I'm an unhappy man; get me a drink, for Heaven's sake! I can hardly spake, my mouth and lips are so dry.”

The water having been procured, he drank it eagerly, and felt evidently relieved.

“This business,” he continued, “about the money—I mane about my poor boy, Connor, how will it be managed, sir?”

“I have already told you that there is but one way of managing it, and that is, as the young man's life is at stake, to spare no cost.”

“And I must do that?”

“You ought, at least, remember that he's an only son, and that if you lose him—”

“Lose him!—I can't—I could n't—I'd die—die—dead—”

“And by so shameful a death,” proceeded Cassidy, “you will not only be childless, but you will have the bitter fact to reflect on that he died in disgrace. You will blush to name him! What father would not make any sacrifice to prevent his child from meeting such a fate? It's a trying thing and a pitiable calamity to see a father ashamed to name the child that he loves.”

The old man rose, and, approaching Cassidy, said, eagerly, “How much will do? Ashamed to name you, alanna, *Chierna*—ashamed to name you, Connor! Oh! if the world knew you, ashore, as well as I an' your poor mother knows you, they'd say that we ought to be proud to hear your name soundin' in our ears. How much will do! for, may God strengthen me, I'll do it.”

“I think about forty guineas; it may be more, and it may be less, but we will say forty.”

“Then I'll give you an order for it on a man that's a good mark. Give me pin an' paper, fast.”

The paper was placed before him, and he held the pen in his hand for some time, and, ere he wrote, turned a look of deep distress on Cassidy.

“God Almighty pity me!” said he; “you see—you see that I'm a poor heart-broken creature—a ruined man I'll be—a ruined man!”

“Think of your son, and of his situation.”

“It's before me—I know it is—to die like a dog behind a ditch wid hunger!”

“Think of your son, I say, and, if possible, save him from a shameful death.”

“What! Ay—yis—yis—surely—surely—oh, my poor boy—my innocent boy—I will—I will do it.”

He then sat down, and, with a tremulous hand, and lips tightly drawn together, wrote an order on P——, the county treasurer, for the money.

Cassidy, on seeing it, looked alternately at the paper and the man for a considerable time.

“Is P—— your banker?” he asked.

“Every penny that I'm worth he has.”

“Then you're a ruined man,” he replied, with cool emphasis. “P—— absconded the day before yesterday, and robbed half the county. Have you no loose cash at home?”

“Robbed! who robbed?”

“Why, P—— has robbed every man who was fool enough to trust him; he's off to the Isle of Man, with the county funds in addition to the other prog.”

“You don't mane to say,” replied Fardorougha, with a hideous calmness of voice and manner: “you *don't*, you *can't* mane to say he has run off wid my money?”

“I do; you'll never see a shilling of it, if you live to the age of a Hebrew patriarch. See what it is to fix the heart upon money. You are now, what you wish the world to believe you to be, a poor man.”

“Ho! ho!” howled the miser, “he dar n't, he dar n't—would n't God consume him if he robbed the poor—would n't God stiffen him, and pin him to the airth, if he attempted to run off wid the hard earnings of strugglin' honest men? Where 'ud God be, an' him to dar to do it? But it's a falsity, an' you're thyrin' me to see how I'd bear it—it is, it is, an' may Heaven forgive you!”

“It's as true as the gospel,” replied the other: “why, I'm surprised you did n't hear it before now—every one knows it—it's over the whole country.”

“It's a lie—it's a lie!” he howled again; “no one dar to do sich an act. You have some scheme in this—you're not a safe man; you're a villain, an' nothin' else; but I'll soon know; which of these is my hat?”

“You are mad I think,” said Cassidy.

“Get me my hat, I say; I'll soon know it; but sure the world's all in a schyme against me—all, all, young an' ould—where's my hat, I say?”

“You have put it upon your head this moment,” said the other.

“An' my stick?”

“It's in your hand.”

“The curse o' Heaven upon you,” he shrieked, “whether it's thrue or false!” and, with a look that might scorch him to whom it was directed,

he shuffled in a wild and frantic mood out of the house.

"The man is mad," observed Cassidy; "or, if not, he will soon be so; I never witnessed such a desperate case of avarice. If ever the demon of money lurked in any man's soul, it's in his. God bless me! God bless me! it's dreadful! Richard, tell the gentleman in the dining-room I'm at leisure to see him."

The scene we have attempted to describe spared O'Brien the trouble of much unpleasant inquiry, and enabled him to enter at once into the proposed arrangements on behalf of Connor. Of course he did not permit his sister's name to transpire, nor any trace whatsoever to appear, by which her delicacy might be compromised, or her character involved. His interference in the matter he judiciously put upon the footing of personal regard for the young man, and his reluctance to be even the indirect means of bringing him to a violent and shameful death. Having thus fulfilled Una's instructions, he returned home, and relieved her of a heavy burthen by a full communication of all that had been done.

The struggle hitherto endured by Fardorougha was in its own nature sufficiently severe to render his sufferings sharp and pungent; still they resembled the influence of local disease more than that of a malady which prostrates the strength and grapples with the powers of the whole constitution. The sensation he immediately felt, on hearing that his banker had absconded with the gains of his penurious life, was rather a stunning shock that occasioned for the moment a feeling of dull, and heavy, and overwhelming dismay. It filled, nay, it actually distended his narrow soul with an oppressive sense of exclusive misery that banished all consideration for every person and thing extraneous to his individual selfishness. In truth, the tumult of his mind was peculiarly wild and anomalous. The situation of his son, and the dreadful fate that hung over him, were as completely forgotten as if they did not exist. Yet there lay, underneath his own gloomy agony, a remote consciousness of collateral affliction, such as is frequently experienced by those who may be drawn, by some temporary and present pleasure, from the contemplation of their misery. We feel, in such cases, that the darkness is upon us, even while the image of the calamity is not before the mind; nay, it sometimes requires an effort to bring it back, when anxious to account for our depression; but when it comes, the heart sinks with a shudder, and we feel, that, although it ceased to engage our thoughts, we had been sitting all the time beneath its shadow. For this reason, although Fardorougha's own loss absorbed, in one sense, all his powers of suffering, still he knew that *something else* pressed with additional weight upon his heart. Of its distinct character, however, he was ignorant, and only felt that a dead and heavy load of multiplied affliction bent him in burning anguish to the earth.

There is something more or less eccentric in the gait and dress of every miser. Fardorougha's pace was naturally slow, and the habit for which, in the latter point, he had all his life been remarkable, was that of wearing a great-coat thrown loosely about his shoulders. In summer it saved an inside one, and, as he said, kept him cool and comfortable. That he seldom or never put his arms into it arose from the fact that he knew it would

last a much longer period of time than if he wore it in the usual manner.

On leaving the attorney's office, he might be seen creeping along towards the County Treasurer's, at a pace quite unusual to him; his hollow, gleaming eyes were bent on the earth; his *Cothamores* about his shoulders; his staff held with a tight and desperate grip, and his whole appearance that of a man frightfully distracted by the intelligence of some sudden calamity.

He had not proceeded far on this hopeless errand, when many bitter confirmations of the melancholy truth, by persons whom he met on their return from P——'s residence, were afforded him. Even these, however, were insufficient to satisfy him; he heard them with a vehement impatience, that could not brook the bare possibility of the report being true. His soul clung with the tenacity of a death-grip to the hope that, however others might have suffered, some chance might, notwithstanding, still remain in *his* particular favor. In the mean time, he poured out curses of unexampled malignity against the guilty defaulter, on whose head he invoked the Almighty's vengeance with a venomous fervor which appalled all who heard him. Having reached the treasurer's house, a scene presented itself that was by no means calculated to afford him consolation. Persons of every condition, from the squireen and gentleman farmer, to the humble widow and inexperienced orphan, stood in melancholy groups about the deserted mansion, interchanging details of their losses, their blasted prospects, and their immediate ruin. The cries of the widow, who mourned for the desolations brought upon her and her now destitute orphans, rose in a piteous wail to heaven, and the industrious fathers of many struggling families, with pale faces and breaking hearts, looked in silent misery upon the closed shutters and smokeless chimneys of their oppressor's house, bitterly conscious that the laws of the boasted constitution under which they lived, permitted the destroyer of hundreds to enjoy, in luxury and security, the many thousands of which, at one fell and rapacious swoop, he had deprived them.

With white, quivering lips and panting breath, Fardorougha approached and joined them.

"What, what," said he, in broken sentences, "is this thrue—can it, can it be thrue? Is the thiev'in' villain of hell gone? Has he robbed us, ruined us, destroyed us?"

"Ah, too thrue it is," replied a farmer; "the dam' rip is off to that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man; ay, he's gone! an' may all our bad luck past, present, and to come, go with him, an' all he tuck!"

Fardorougha looked at his informant as if he had been P—— himself; he then glared from one to another, whilst the white foam wrought up to his lips by the prodigious force of his excitement. He clasped his hands, then attempted to speak, but language had abandoned him.

"If one is to judge by your appearance, you have suffered heavily," observed the farmer.

The other stared at him with a kind of angry amazement for doubting it, or it might be, for speaking so coolly of his loss.

"Suffered!" said he, "ay, ay, but did yees thry the house? we'll see—suffered!—suffered!—we'll see."

He immediately shuffled over to the hall-door,



which he assaulted with the eagerness of a despairing soul at the gate of heaven, throwing into each knock such a character of impatience and apprehension, as one might suppose the aforesaid soul to feel from a certain knowledge that the devil's clutches were spread immediately behind, to seize and carry him to perdition. His impetuosity, however, was all in vain; not even an echo reverberated through the cold and empty walls, but, on the contrary, every peal was followed by a most unromantic and ominous silence.

"That man appears beside himself," observed another of the sufferers; "surely, if he was n't half-mad, he'd not expect to find any one in an empty house!"

"Devil a much it signifies whether he's mad or otherwise," responded a neighbor. "I know him well; his name's Fardorougha Donovan, the miser of Lisnamona, the biggest skrew that ever skinned a flint. If P—— did nothin' worse than fleece him, it would never stand between him an' the blessin' o' Heaven."

Fardorougha, in the mean time, finding that no response was given from the front, passed hurriedly by an archway into the back court, where he made similar efforts to get in by attempting to force the kitchen door. Every entrance, however, had been strongly secured; he rattled, and thumped, and screamed, as if P—— himself had actually been within hearing, but still to no purpose; he might as well have expected to extort a reply from the grave.

When he returned to the group that stood on the lawn, the deadly conviction that all was lost affected every joint of his body with a nervous trepidation, that might have been mistaken for *delirium tremens*. His eyes were full of terror, mingled with the impotent fury of hatred and revenge; whilst over all now predominated for the first time such an expression of horror and despair, as made the spectators shudder to look upon him.

"Where was God," said he, addressing them, and his voice, naturally thin and wiry, now became husky and hollow, "where was God, to suffer this! to suffer the poor to be ruined, and the rich to be made poor! Was it right for the Almighty to look on an' let the villain do it? No—no—no; I say no!"

The group around him shuddered at the daring blasphemy to which his monstrous passion had driven him. Many females, who were in tears, lamenting audibly, started, and felt their grief suspended for a moment by this revolting charge against the justice of Providence.

"What do you all stand for here," he proceeded, "like stocks an' stones! Why don't ye kneel with me, an' let us join in one curse; one, no, but let us shower them down upon him in thousands—in millions; an' when we can no longer *spake* them, let us *think* them. To the last hour of my life my heart 'ill never be widout a curse for him; an' the last word afore I go into the presence of God, 'il be a black, heavy blessin' from hell against him an' his, sowl an' body, while a drop o' their bad blood's upon the earth."

"Don't be blasphemin', honest man," said a bystander; "if you've lost your money, that's no reason why you should fly in the face o' God for P——'s roguery. Devil a one o' myself cares if I join you in a volley against the robbin' scoundril, but I'd not take all the money the rip of hell ran away wid, an' spake of God as you do."

"Oh, Saver!" exclaimed Fardorougha, who

probably heard not a word he said; "I knew—I knew—I always felt it was before me—a dog's death behind a ditch—my tongue out wid starvation and hunger, and it was he brought me to it!"

He had already knelt, and was uncovered, his whitish hair tossed by the breeze in confusion about a face on which was painted the fearful workings of that giant spirit, under whose tremendous grasp he writhed and suffered like a serpent in the talons of a culture. In this position, with uplifted and trembling arms, his face raised towards heaven, and his whole figure shrunk firmly together by the intense malignity with which he was about to hiss out his venomous imprecations against the defaulter, he presented at least one instance in which the low, sordid vice of avarice rose to something like wild grandeur, if not sublimity.

Having remained in this posture for some time, he clasped his withered hands together and wrung them until the bones cracked; then rising up and striking his stick bitterly upon the earth—

"I can't," he exclaimed, "I can't get out the curses against him; but my heart's full of them—they're in it—they're in it—it's black an' hot wid them; I feel them here—here—*movin' as if they wor alive*, an' they'll be out."

Such was the strength and impetuosity of his hatred, and such his eagerness to discharge the whole quiver of his maledictions against the great public delinquent, that, as often happens in cases of overwhelming agitation, his faculties were paralyzed by the storm of passion which raged within him.

Having rose to his feet, he left the group, muttering his wordless malignity as he went along, and occasionally pausing to look back with the fiery glare of a hyena at the house in which the robbery of his soul's treasure had been planned and accomplished.

It is unnecessary to say that the arrangements entered into with Cassidy, by John O'Brien, were promptly and ably carried into effect. A rapid ride soon brought the man of briefs and depositions to the prison, where the unhappy Connor lay. This young man's story, though simple, was improbable, and his version of the burning such as induced Cassidy, who knew little of impressions and feelings in the absence of facts, to believe that no other head than his ever concocted the crime. Still, from the manly sincerity with which his young client spoke, he felt inclined to impute the act rather to a freak of boyish malice and disappointment, than to a spirit of vindictive rancor. He entertained no expectation whatsoever of Connor's acquittal, and hinted to him that it was his habit in such cases to recommend his clients to be prepared for the worst, without, at the same time, altogether abolishing hope. There was, indeed, nothing to break the chain of circumstantial evidence in which Flanagan had entangled him; he had been at the haggard shortly before the conflagration broke out; he had met Phil Curtis, and begged that man to conceal the fact of his having seen him, and he had not slept in his own bed either on that or the preceding night. It was to no purpose he affirmed that Flanagan himself had borrowed from him, and worn, on the night in question, the shoes whose prints were so strongly against him, or that the steel and tinder-box, which were found in his pocket, actually belonged to his accuser, who must have put them there without his knowledge. His case, in fact, was a bad one, and he felt that the interview with his attorney

left him more seriously impressed with the danger of his situation, than he had been up till that period.

"I suppose," said he, when the instructions were completed, "you have seen my father?"

"Everything is fully and liberally arranged," replied the other, with reservation; "your father has been with me to-day; in fact, I parted with him only a few minutes before I left home. So far let your mind be easy. The government prosecutes, which is something in your favor; and now, good-by to you; for my part, I neither advise you to hope or despair. If the worst comes to the worst, you must bear it like a man; and if we get an acquittal, it will prove the more agreeable for its not being expected."

The unfortunate youth felt, after Cassidy's departure, the full force of that dark and fearful presentiment which arises from the approach of the mightiest calamity that can befall an innocent man—a public and ignominious death, while in the very pride of youth, strength, and those natural hopes of happiness which existence had otherwise promised. In him this awful apprehension proceeded neither from the terror of judgment nor of hell, but from that dread of being withdrawn from life, and of passing down from the light, the enjoyments and busy intercourse of a breathing and conscious world, into the silence and corruption of the unknown grave. When this ghastly picture was brought near him by the force of his imagination, he felt for a moment as if his heart had died away in him, and his blood become congealed into ice. Should this continue, he knew that human nature could not sustain it long, and he had already resolved to bear his fate with firmness, whatever that fate might be. He then reflected that he was innocent, and, remembering the practice of his simple and less political forefathers, he knelt down and fervently besought the protection of that Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

On rising from this act of heartfelt devotion, he experienced that support which he required so much. The fear of death ceased to alarm him, and his natural fortitude returned with more than its usual power to his support. In this state of mind he was pacing his narrow room, when the door opened, and his father, with a tottering step, entered and approached him. The son was startled, if not terrified, at the change which so short a time had wrought in the old man's appearance.

"Good God, father dear!" he exclaimed, as the latter threw his arms with a tight and clinging grasp about him; "good heavens! what has happened to change you so much for the worse? Why, if you fret this way about me, you'll soon break your heart. Why will you fret, father, when you know I am *innocent*? Surely, at the worst, it is better to die innocent than live guilty."

"Connor," said the old man, still clinging tenaciously to him, and looking wildly into his face, "Connor, it's broke—my heart's broke at last. Oh, Connor, won't you pity me when you hear it—won't you, Connor—oh, when you hear it, Connor, won't you pity me? It's gone, it's gone, it's gone—he's off, off—to that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man, and has robbed me and half the county. P—— has; I'm a ruined man, a beggar, an' will die a dog's death."

Connor looked down keenly into his father's face, and began to entertain a surmise so terrible that the beatings of his heart were in a moment audible to his own ear.

"Father," he inquired, "in the name of God what is wrong with you? What is it you spake of? Has P—— gone off with your money? Sit down, and don't look so terrified."

"He has, Connor—robbed me an' half the county—he disappeared the evenin' of the very day I left my last lodgment wid him; he's in that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man, an' I'm ruined—ruined! Oh God! Connor, how can I stand it! all my earnin's an' my savin's an' the fruits of my industry in *his* pocket, an' upon his back, an' upon *his* bones! My brain is reelin'—I dunna what I'm doin', nor what I'll do. To what hand now can I turn myself? Who'll assist me! I dunna what I'm doin', nor scarcely what I'm sayin'. My head's all in confusion. Gone! gone! gone! Oh see the luck that has come down upon me! Above all men, why was I singled out to be made a world's wonder of—why was I? What did I do? I robbed no one; yet it's gone—an' see the death that's afore me! oh God! oh God!"

"Well, father, let it go—you have still your health; you have still my poor mother to console you; and I hope you'll soon have myself, too; between us we'll keep you comfortable, and, if you'll allow us to take our own way, more so than ever you did—"

Fardorougha started, as if struck by some faint but sudden recollection. All at once he looked with amazement around the room, and afterwards, with a pause of inquiry, at his son. At length, a light of some forgotten memory appeared to flash at once across his brain; his countenance changed from the wild and unsettled expression which it bore, to one more stamped with the earnest humanity of our better nature.

"Oh, Connor!" he at last exclaimed, putting his two hands into those of his son: "can you pity me, an' forgive me? You see, my poor boy, how I'm sufferin', an' you see that I can't—I won't—be able to bear up against this long."

The tears here ran down his worn and hollow cheeks.

"Oh," he proceeded, "how could I forget you, my darlin' boy! But I hardly think my head's right. If I had you with me, an' before my eyes, you'd keep my heart right, an' give me strength, which I stand sorely in need of. Saints in glory! how could I forget you, acushla, an' what now can I do for you? Not a penny have I to pay lawyer, or attorney, or any one, to defend you at your trial, and it so near!"

"Why, haven't you settled all that with Mr. Cassidy, the attorney?"

"Not a bit, achora machree, not a bit; I was wid him this day, an' had agreed, but whin I went to give him an orlher on P——, he—oh saints above! he whistled at me an' it—an' tould me that P—— was gone to that nest o' robbers, the Isle of Man."

Connor turned his eyes, during a long pause, on the floor, and it was evident by his features that he labored under some powerful and profound emotion. He rose up and took a sudden turn or two across the room, then, resuming his seat, he wiped away a few bitter tears that no firmness on his part could repress.

"Noble girl—my darling, darling life! I see it all," he exclaimed. "Father, I never felt how bitter an' dark my fate is till *now*. Death, death would be little to me, only for her; but to leave her—to leave *her*." He suddenly buried his face in

his hands; but, by an instant effort once more rose up and added—"Well, I'll die worthy of her, if I can't live so. Like a man I'll die, if it must be—she knows I'm innocent, father; an' when others—when the world—will be talkin' of me as a villain, there will be, out of my own family at all events, one heart and one tongue, that will defend my unhappy name. If I am to come to a shameful death, I'll care little about what the world may think, but that *she* knows me to be innocent, will make me die proudly—proudly."

Whilst he thus spoke and thought, the father's eyes, with a fixed gaze, steadily followed his motions; the old man's countenance altered; it first became pale as the ghastly visage of a skeleton, anon darkened with horror, which eventually shifted its hue into the workings of some passion or feeling that was new to him.

"Connor," said he, feebly, "I am unwell—unwell—come and sit down by me."

"You are too much distressed every way, father," said his son, taking his place upon his iron bedstead beside him.

"I am," said Fardorougha, calmly; "I am too much distressed—sit nearer me, Connor. I wish your mother was here, but she wasn't able to come, she's unwell too; a good mother she was, Connor, and a good wife."

The son was struck, and somewhat alarmed by this sudden and extraordinary calmness of the old man.

"Father dear," said he, "don't be too much disheartened—all will be well yet, I hope—my trust in God is strong."

"I hope all will be well," replied the old man, "sit nearer me, an', Connor, let me lay my head over upon your breast. I'm thinkin' a great dale. Don't the world say, Connor, that I am a bad man?"

"I don't care what the world says; no one in it ever durst say as much to me, father dear."

The old man looked up affectionately, but shook his head apparently in calm but rooted sorrow.

"Put your arms about me, Connor, and keep my head a little more up; I'm weak an' tired, an', someway, spakin' 's a throuble to me; let me think for a while."

"Do so, father," said the son, with deep compassion; "God knows but you're sufferin' enough to wear you out."

"It is," said Fardorougha, "it is."

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which, Connor perceived that the old man, overcome with care and misery, had actually fallen asleep with his head upon his bosom. This circumstance, though by no means extraordinary, affected him very much. On surveying the pallid face of his father, and the worn, thread-like veins that ran along his temples, and calling to mind the love of the old man for himself, which, even avarice, in its deadliest power, failed to utterly overcome, he felt all the springs of his affection loosened, and his soul vibrated with a tenderness towards him, such as no situation in their past lives had ever before created.

"If my fate chances to be an untimely one, father dear," he slowly murmured, "we'll soon meet in another place; for I know that you will not long live after me."

He then thought with bitterness of his mother and Una, and wondered at the mystery of the trial to which he was exposed.

The old man's slumber, however, was not

dreamless, nor so refreshing as the exhaustion of a frame shattered by the havoc of contending principles required. On the contrary, it was disturbed by heavy groans, quick startings, and those twitchings of the limbs which betoken a restless mood of mind, and a nervous system highly excited. In the course of half an hour, the symptoms of his inward commotion became more apparent. From being, as at first, merely physical, they assumed a mental character, and passed from ejaculations and single words, to short sentences, and ultimately to those of considerable length.

"Gone!" he exclaimed, "gone! O God! my curse—starved—dog—wid my tongue out!"

This dread of starvation, which haunted him through life, appeared in his dream still to follow him like a demon.

"I'm dyin'," he said, "I'm dyin' wid hunger—will no one give me a morsel? I was robbed an' have no money—don't you see me starvin? I'm cuttin' wid hunger—five days without mate—bring me mate, for God's sake—mate, mate, mate!—I'm gaspin'—my tongue's out; look at me, like a dog, behind this ditch, an' my tongue out!"

The son at this period would have awoke him, but he became more composed, for a time, and enjoyed apparently a refreshing sleep. Still, it soon was evident that he dreamt, and as clear that a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream.

"Who'll prevent me!" he exclaimed. "Is n't he my son—our only child? Let me alone—I must, I must—what's my life!—take it, an' let him live."

The tears started in Connor's eyes, and he pressed his father to his heart.

"Don't hould me," he proceeded. "O God! here; I'll give all I'm worth, an' save him! O, let me, thin—let me but kiss him once before he dies; it was I, it was myself that murdered him—all might 'a been well; ay, it was I that murdered you, Connor, my brave boy, an' have I you in my arms! O, avick agus asthore machree, it was I that murdered you, by my—but they're takin' him—they're bearin' him away to—"

He started, and awoke; but so terrific had been his dream, that on opening his eyes he clasped Connor in his arms, and exclaimed,—

"No, no, I'll hould him till you cut my grip. Connor, avick machree, hould to me!"

"Father, father, for God's sake, think a minute, you wor only dreaming."

"Eh—what—where am I! Oh, Connor, darling, if you knew the dhramas I had—I thought you wor on the scaffe; but thanks be to the Saver, it was only a dhrame!"

"Nothing more, father—nothing more; but for God's sake, keep your mind aisy. Trust in God, father; everything's in his hands: if it's his will to make us suffer, we ought to submit; and if it's not his will, he surely can bring us out of all our troubles. That's the greatest comfort I have."

Fardorougha once more became calm, but still there was on his countenance, which was mournful and full of something else than simple sorrow, some deeply fixed determination, such as it was difficult to develop.

"Connor, achora," said he, "I must lave you, for there's little time to be lost. What attorney would you wish me to employ? I'll go home and sell oats and a cow or two. I've done you harm enough—more than you know—but now I'll spare no cost to get you out of this business. Connor,

the tears that I saw a while ago run down your cheeks cut me to the heart."

The son then informed him that a friend had taken proper measures for his defence, and that any further interference on his part would only create confusion and delay. He also entreated his father to make no allusion whatsoever to this circumstance, and added, "that he himself actually knew not the name of the friend in question, but that, as the matter stood, he considered even a surmise to be a breach of confidence that might be indelicate and offensive. After the trial, you can and ought to pay the expenses, and not be under an obligation to any one of so solemn a kind as that." He then sent his affectionate love and duty to his mother, at whose name his eyes were again filled with tears, and begged the old man to comfort and support her with the utmost care and tenderness. As she was unwell, he requested him to dissuade her against visiting him till after the trial, lest an interview might increase her illness, and render her less capable of bearing up under an unfavorable sentence, should such be the issue of the prosecution. Having then bade farewell to, and embraced the old man, the latter departed with more calmness and fortitude than he had up to that period displayed.

When Time approaches the miserable with calamity in his train, his pinion is swifter than that of the eagle; but, alas! when carrying them towards happiness, his pace is slower than is that of the tortoise. The only three persons on earth, whose happiness was involved in that of O'Donovan, found themselves, on the eve of the assizes, overshadowed by a dreariness of heart, that was strong in proportion to the love they bore him. The dead calm which had fallen on Fardorougha was absolutely more painful to his wife than would have been the paroxysms that resulted from his lust of wealth. Since his last interview with Connor, he never once alluded to the loss of his money, unless abruptly in his dreams, but there was stamped upon his whole manner a gloomy and mysterious composure, which, of itself, wofully sank her spirits, independently of the fate which impended over their son. The change, visible on both, and the breaking down of their strength were indeed pitiable.

As for Una, it would be difficult to describe her struggle between confidence in his innocence, and apprehension of the law, which she knew had often punished the guiltless instead of the criminal. 'Tis true she attempted to assume, in the eyes of others, a fortitude which belied her fears, and even affected to smile at the possibility of her lover's honor and character suffering any tarnish from the ordeal to which they were about to be submitted. Her smile, however, on such occasions, was a melancholy one, and the secret tears she shed might prove, as they did to her brother, who was alone privy to her grief, the extent of those terrors which, notwithstanding her disavowal of them, wrung her soul so bitterly. Day after day her spirits became more and more depressed, till, as the crisis of Connor's fate arrived, the roses had altogether flown from her cheeks.

Indeed, now that the trial was at hand, public sympathy turned rapidly and strongly in his favor; his father had lost that wealth, the acquisition of which earned him so heavy a portion of infamy; and, as he had been sufficiently punished in *his own person*, they did not think it just to transfer any portion of the resentment borne against him to

a son who had never participated in his system of oppression. They felt for Connor now on his own account, and remembered only his amiable and excellent character. In addition to this, the history of the mutual attachment between him and Una having become the topic of general conversation, the rash act for which he stood committed was good-humoredly resolved into a foolish freak of love; for which it would be a thousand murders to take away his life. In such mood were the public and the parties most interested in the event of our story, when the morning dawned of that awful day which was to restore Connor O'Donovan to the hearts that loved him so well, or to doom him, a convicted felon, to a shameful and ignominious death.

At length the trial came on, and our unhappy prisoner, at the hour of eleven o'clock, was placed at the bar of his country to stand the brunt of a government prosecution. Common report had already carried abroad the story of Una's love and his, many interesting accounts of which had got into the papers of the day. When he stood forward, therefore, all eyes were eagerly riveted upon him; the judge glanced at him with calm, dispassionate scrutiny, and the members of the bar, especially the juniors, turning round, surveyed him through their glasses with a gaze in which might be read something more than that hard indifference which familiarity with human crime and affliction ultimately produces even in dispositions the most humane and amiable. No sooner had the curiosity of the multitude been gratified, than a murmur of pity, blended slightly with surprise and approbation, ran lowly through the courthouse. One of the judges whispered a few words to his brother, and the latter again surveyed Connor with a countenance in which were depicted admiration and regret. The counsel also chatted to each other in a low tone, occasionally turning round and marking his deportment and appearance with increasing interest.

Seldom, probably never, had a more striking, perhaps a more noble figure, stood at the bar of that court. His locks were rich and brown; his forehead expansive, and his manly features remarkable for their symmetry; his teeth were regular and white, and his dark eye full of a youthful lustre which the dread of no calamity could repress. Neither was his figure, which was of the tallest, inferior in a single point to so fine a countenance. As he stood, at his full height of six feet, it was impossible not to feel deeply influenced in his favor, especially after having witnessed the mournful but dignified composure of his manner, equally remote from indifference or dejection. He appeared, indeed, to view in its proper light the danger of the position in which he stood, but he viewed it with the calm, unshrinking energy of a brave man who is always prepared for the worst. Indeed, there might be observed upon his broad, open brow a loftiness of bearing such as is not unfrequently produced by a consciousness of innocence, and the natural elevation of mind which results from a sense of danger; to which we may add that inward scorn which is ever felt for baseness, by those who are degraded to the necessity of defending themselves against the villany of the malignant and profligate.

When called upon to plead to the indictment, he uttered the words "not guilty" in a full, firm and mellow voice, that drew the eyes of the spectators once more upon him, and occasioned an



other slight hum of sympathy and admiration. No change of color was observable on his countenance, or any other expression, save the lofty composure to which we have just alluded.

The trial at length proceeded; and, after a long and able statement from the attorney-general, Bartle Flanagan was called up on the table. The prisoner, whose motions were keenly observed, betrayed, on seeing him, neither embarrassment nor agitation; all that could be perceived was a more earnest and intense light in his eyes, as they settled upon his accuser. Flanagan detailed, with singular minuteness and accuracy, the whole progress of the crime from its first conception to its perpetration. Indeed, had he himself been in the dock, and his evidence against Connor a confession of his own guilt, it would, with some exceptions, have been literally true. He was ably cross-examined, but no tact, or experience, or talent, on the part of the prisoner's counsel, could, in any important degree, shake his testimony. The ingenuity with which he laid and conducted the plot was astonishing, as was his foresight, and the precaution he adopted against detection. Cassidy, Connor's attorney, had ferreted out the very man from whom he purchased the tinder-box, with a hope of proving that it was not the prisoner's property but his own; yet this person, who remembered the transaction very well, assured him that Flanagan said he procured it by the desire of Fardorougha Donovan's son.

During his whole evidence, he never once raised his eye to look upon the prisoner's face, until he was desired to identify him. He then turned round, and, standing with the rod in his hand, looked for some moments upon his victim. His dark brows got black as night, whilst his cheeks were blanched to the hue of ashes—the white smile as before sat upon his lips, and his eyes, in which there blazed the unsteady fire of a treacherous and cowardly heart, sparkled with the red turbid glare of triumph and vengeance. He laid the rod upon Connor's head, and they gazed at each other face to face, exhibiting as striking a contrast as could be witnessed. The latter stood erect and unshaken—his eye calmly bent upon that of his foe, but with a spirit in it that seemed to him alone by whom it was best understood, to strike dismay into the very soul of falsehood within him. The villain's eyes could not withstand the glance of Connor's—they fell, and his whole countenance assumed such a blank and guilty stamp, that an old experienced barrister, who watched them both, could not avoid saying, that if he had his will they should exchange situations.

"I would not hang a dog," he whispered, "on that fellow's evidence—he has guilt in his face."

When asked why he ran away on meeting Phil. Curtis, near O'Brien's house, on their return that night, while Connor held his ground, he replied that it was very natural he should run away, and not wish to be seen after having assisted at such a crime. In reply to another question, he said it was as natural that Connor should have run away also, and that he could not account for it, except by the fact that God always occasions the guilty to commit some oversight, by which they may be brought to punishment. These replies, apparently so rational and satisfactory, convinced Connor's counsel that his case was hopeless, and that no skill or ingenuity on their part could succeed in breaking down Flanagan's evidence.

The next witness called was Phil. Curtis, whose testimony corroborated Bartle's in every particular, and gave to the whole trial a character of gloom and despair. The constables who applied his shoes to the foot-marks were then produced, and swore in the clearest manner as to their corresponding. They then deposed to finding the tinder-box in his pocket, according to the information received from Flanagan, every tittle of which they found to be remarkably correct.

There was only one other witness now necessary to complete the chain against him, and he was only produced because Biddy Nulty, the servant-maid, positively stated, and actually swore, when previously examined, that she was ignorant whether Connor slept in his father's house on the night in question or not. There was no alternative, therefore, but to produce the father; and Fardorougha Donovan was consequently forced to become an evidence against his own son.

The old man's appearance upon the table excited deep commiseration for both, and the more so when the spectators contemplated the rooted sorrow which lay upon the wild and wasted features of the woe-worn father. Still the old man was composed and calm; but his calmness was in an extraordinary degree mournful and touching. When he sat down, after having been sworn, and feebly wiped the dew from his thin temples, many eyes were already filled with tears. When the question was put to him if he remembered the night laid in the indictment, he replied that he did.

"Did the prisoner at the bar sleep at home on that night?"

The old man looked into the face of the counsel with such an eye of deprecating entreaty, as shook the voice in which the question was repeated. He then turned about, and, taking a long gaze at his son, rose up, and, extending his hands to the judges, exclaimed:

"My lords, my lords! he is my only son—my only child!"

These words were followed by a pause in the business of the court, and a dead silence of more than a minute.

"If justice," said the judge, "could on any occasion waive her claim to a subordinate link in the testimony she requires, it would certainly be in a case so painful and affecting as this. Still, we cannot permit personal feeling, however amiable, or domestic attachment, however strong, to impede her progress when redressing public wrong. Although the duty be painful, and we admit that such a duty is one of unexampled agony, yet it must be complied with; and you consequently will answer the question which the counsel has put to you. The interests of society require such sacrifices, and they must be made."

The old man kept his eyes fixed on the judge while he spoke, but when he had ceased he again fixed them on his son.

"My lord," he exclaimed again, with clasped hands, "I can't, I can't!"

"There is nothing criminal, or improper, or sinful in it," replied the judge; "on the contrary, it is your duty, both as a Christian and a man. Remember, you have this moment sworn to tell the truth, and the whole truth; you consequently must keep your oath."

"What you say, sir, may be right, an' of coorse is; but oh, my lord, I'm not able; I can't get out the words to hang my only boy. If I said any-

thing to hurt him, my heart 'ud break before your eyes. May be you don't know the love of a father for an only son!"

"Perhaps, my lords," observed the attorney-general, "it would be desirable to send for a clergyman of his own religion, who might succeed in prevailing on him to——"

"No," interrupted Fardorougha; "my mind's made up; a word against him will never come from my lips, not for priest or friar. I'd die widout the saykment sooner."

"This is trifling with the court," said the judge, assuming an air of severity, which, however, he did not feel. "We shall be forced to commit you to prison unless you give evidence."

"My lord," said Fardorougha, meekly, but firmly, "I am willin' to go to prison—I am willin' to die with him, if he is to die, but I neither can nor will open my lips against him. If I thought him guilty I might; but I know he is innocent—my heart knows it; an' am I to back the villain that's strivin' to swear away his life? No, Connor avourneen, whatever they do to you, your father will have no hand in it."

The court, in fact, were perplexed in the extreme. The old man was not only firm, from motives of strong attachment, but intractable from an habitual narrowness of thought, which prevented him from taking that comprehensive view of justice and judicial authority which might overcome the repugnance of men less obstinate from ignorance of legal usages.

"I ask you for the last time," said the judge, "will you give your evidence? because, if you refuse, the court will feel bound to send you to prison."

"God bless you, my lord! that's a relief to my heart. Anything, anything, but to say a word against a boy that, since the day he was born, never vexed either his mother or myself. If he gets over this, I have much to make up to him; for, indeed, I wasn't the father to him that I ought. Avick machree, now I feel it, may be when it's too late."

These words affected all who heard them, many even to tears.

"I have no remedy," observed the judge. "Tip-staff, take away the witness to prison. It is painful to me," he added, in a broken voice, "to feel compelled thus to punish you for an act which, however I may respect the motives that dictate it, I cannot overlook. The ends of justice cannot be frustrated."

"My lord," exclaimed the prisoner, "don't punish the old man for refusing to speak against me. His love for me is so strong that I know he could n't do it. I will state the truth myself, but spare him. I did *not* sleep in my own bed on the night Mr. O'Brien's haggard was burned, nor on the night before it. I slept in my father's barn, with Flanagan; both times at his own request; but I did not then suspect his design in asking me."

"This admission, though creditable to your affection and filial duty, was indiscreet," observed the judge. "Whatever you think might be serviceable, suggest to your attorney, who can communicate it to your counsel."

"My lord," said Connor, "I could not see my father punished for loving me as he does; an' besides I have no wish to conceal anything. If the whole truth could be known, I would stand but a short time where I am, nor would Flanagan be long out of it."

There is an earnest and impressive tone in truth, especially when spoken under circumstances of great difficulty, where it is rather disadvantageous to him who utters it, that in many instances produces conviction by an inherent candor which all feel, without any process of reasoning or argument. There was in those few words a warmth of affection towards his father, and a manly simplicity of heart, each of which was duly appreciated by the assembly about him, who felt, without knowing why, the indignant scorn of falsehood that so emphatically pervaded his expressions. It was indeed impossible to hear them, and look upon his noble countenance and figure, without forgetting the humbleness of his rank in life, and feeling for him a marked deference and respect.

The trial then proceeded; but, alas! the hopes of Connor's friends abandoned them at its conclusion; for although the judge's charge was as favorable as the nature of the evidence permitted, yet it was quite clear that the jury had only one course to pursue, and that was to bring in a conviction. After the lapse of about ten minutes, they returned to the jury-box, and, as the foreman handed down their verdict, a feather might have been heard falling in the court. The faces of the spectators got pale, and the hearts of strong men beat as if the verdict about to be announced were to fall upon themselves, and not upon the prisoner. It is at all times an awful and trying ceremony to witness, but on this occasion it was a much more affecting one than had occurred in that court for many years. As the foreman handed down the verdict, Connor's eye followed the paper with the same calm resolution which he displayed during the trial. On himself there was no change visible, unless the appearance of two round spots, one on each cheek, of a somewhat deeper red than the rest. At length, in the midst of the dead silence, pronounced in a voice that reached to the remotest extremity of the court, was heard the fatal sentence—"Guilty;" and afterwards, in a less distinct manner—"with our strongest and most earnest recommendation for mercy, in consequence of his youth and previous good character." The wail and loud sobbings of the female part of the crowd, and the stronger but more silent grief of the men, could not, for many minutes, be repressed by any efforts of the court or its officers. In the midst of this, a little to the left of the dock, was an old man, whom those around him were conveying in a state of insensibility out of the court; and it was obvious that, from motives of humane consideration for the prisoner, they endeavored to prevent him from ascertaining that it was his father. In this, however, they failed; the son's eye caught a glimpse of his gray locks, and it was observed that his cheek paled for the first time, indicating, by a momentary change, that the only evidence of agitation he betrayed was occasioned by sympathy in the old man's sorrows, rather than by the contemplation of his own fate.

The tragic spirit of the day, however, was still to deepen, and a more stunning blow, though less acute in its agony, was to fall upon the prisoner. The stir of the calm and solemn jurors, as they issued out of their room; the hushed breaths of the spectators, the deadly silence that prevails, and the appalling announcement of the word "Guilty," are circumstances that test human fortitude, more even than the passing of the fearful sentence itself. In the latter case, hope is banished, and the worst that can happen known; the mind

is, therefore, thrown back upon its last energies, which give it strength in the same way in which the death-struggle frequently arouses the muscular action of the body—an unconscious power or resistance that forces the culprit's heart to take refuge in the first and strongest instincts of its nature, the undying principle of self-preservation. No sooner was the verdict returned, and silence obtained, than the judge, now deeply affected, put on the black cap, at which a low wild murmur of stifled grief and pity ran through the court-house; but no sooner was his eye bent on the prisoner than their anxiety to hear the sentence hushed them once more into the stillness of the grave. The prisoner looked upon him with an open but melancholy gaze, which, from the candid and manly character of his countenance, was touching in the extreme.

"Connor O'Donovan," said the judge, "have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"My lord," he replied, "I can say nothing to prevent it. I am prepared for it. I know I must bear it, and I hope I will bear it as a man ought, that feels his heart free from even a thought of the crime he is to die for. I have nothing more to say."

"You have this day been found guilty," proceeded the judge, "and, in the opinion of the court, upon clear and satisfactory evidence, of a crime marked by a character of revenge, which I am bound to say must have proceeded from a very malignant spirit. It was a wanton act, for the perpetration of which your motives were so inadequate, that one must feel at a loss to ascertain the exact principle on which you committed it. It was also not only a wicked act, but one so mean, that a young man bearing the character of spirit and generosity which you have hitherto borne, as appears from the testimony of those respectable persons who this day have spoken in your favor, ought to have scorned to contemplate it even for a moment. Had the passion you entertained for the daughter of the man you so basely injured, possessed one atom of the dignity, disinterestedness, or purity of true affection, you never could have stooped to any act offensive to the object of your love, or to those even in the remotest degree related to her. The example, consequently, which you have held out to society, is equally vile and dangerous. A parent discharges the most solemn and important of all duties, when disposing of his children in marriage, because by that act he seals their happiness or misery in this life, and most probably in that which is to come. By what tie, by what duty, by what consideration, is not a parent bound to consult for the best interests of those beloved beings whom he has brought into the world, and who, in a great measure, depend upon him as their dearest relative, their guardian by the voice of nature, for the fulfilment of those expectations upon which depend the principal comforts and enjoyments of life? Reason, religion, justice, instinct, the whole economy of nature, both in man and the inferior animals, all teach him to secure for them, as far as in him lies, the greatest sum of human happiness; but if there be one duty more sacred and tender than another, it is that which a parent is called upon to exercise on behalf of a daughter. The son, impressed by that original impulse which moves him to assume a loftier place in the conduct of life, and gifted also with a stronger mind, and clearer judgment, to guide

him in its varied transactions, goes abroad into society, and claims for himself a bolder right of thought and a wider range of action, while determining an event which is to exercise, as marriage does, such an important influence upon his own future condition, and all the relations that may arise out of it. From this privilege the beautiful and delicate framework of woman's moral nature debars her, and she is consequently forced, by the graces of her own modesty—by the finer texture of her mind—by her greater purity and gentleness—in short, by all her virtues, into a tenderer and more affecting dependence upon the judgment and love of her natural guardians, whose pleasure is made, by a wise decree of God, commensurate with their duty in providing for her wants and enjoyments. There is no point of view in which the parental character shines forth with greater beauty than that in which it appears while working for and promoting the happiness of a daughter. But you, it would seem, did not think so. You punished the father by a dastardly and unmanly act, for guarding the future peace and welfare of a child so young, and so dear to him. What would become of society if this exercise of a parent's right on behalf of his daughter were to be visited upon him as a crime, by every vindictive and disappointed man, whose affection for them he might, upon proper grounds, decline to sanction? Yet it is singular, and, I confess, almost inexplicable to me at least, why you should have rushed into the commission of such an act. The brief period of your existence has been stained by no other crime. On the contrary, you have maintained a character far above your situation in life—a character equally remarkable for gentleness, spirit, truth, and affection—all of which your appearance and bearing have this day exhibited. Your countenance presents no feature expressive of ferocity, or of those headlong propensities which lead to outrage; and I must confess, that on no other occasion of my judicial life have I ever felt my judgment and my feelings so much at issue. I cannot doubt your guilt, but I shed those tears that it ever existed, and that a youth of so much promise should be cut down prematurely by the strong arm of necessary justice, leaving his bereaved parents bowed down with despair that can never be comforted. Had they another son, or another child, to whom their affections could turn—"

Here the judge felt it necessary to pause, in consequence of his emotions. Strong feelings had, indeed, spread through the whole court, in which, while he ceased, could be heard low moanings, and other symptoms of acute sorrow.

"It is now your duty to forget every earthly object on which your heart may have been fixed, and to seek that source of consolation and mercy which can best sustain and comfort you. Go with a penitent heart to the throne of your Redeemer, who, if your repentance be sincere, will in no wise cast you out. Unhappy youth, prepare yourself, let me implore you, for an infinitely greater and more awful tribunal than this. There, should the judgment be in your favor, you will learn that the fate, which has cut you off in the bloom of early life, will bring an accession of happiness to your being for which no earthly enjoyment here, however prolonged or exalted, could compensate you. The recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the crown, in consideration of your youth and previous good conduct, will not be overlooked; but in

the mean time the court is bound to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law, which is, that you be taken from the prison from which you came, on the eighth of next month, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to the front drop of the jail, and there hanged by the neck, until you be dead; and may God have mercy on your soul!"

"My lord," said the prisoner, unmoved in voice or in manner, unless it might be that both expressed more decision and energy than he had shown during any other part of the trial; "my lord, I am now a condemned man, but if I stood with the rope about my neck, ready to die, I would not exchange situations with the man that has been my accuser. My lord, I can forgive him, and I ought, for I know he has yet to die, and must meet his God. As for myself, I am thankful that I have not such a conscience as his to bring before my Judge; and for this reason I am not afraid to die."

He was then removed amidst a murmur of grief, as deep and sincere as was ever expressed for a human being under circumstances of a similar character. After having entered the prison, he was about to turn along a passage which led to the apartment hitherto allotted to him.

"This way," said the turnkey, "this way; God knows I would be glad to let you stop in the room you had, but I have n't the power. We must put you into one of the condemned cells; but by —, it'll go hard if I don't stretch a little to make you as comfortable as possible."

"Take no trouble," said Connor, "take no trouble. I care now little about my own comfort; but if you wish to oblige me, bring me my father. Oh, my mother, my mother!—you, I doubt, are struck down already!"

"She was too ill to attend the trial to-day," replied the turnkey.

"I know it," said Connor; "but as she's not here, bring me my father. Send out a messenger for him, and be quick, for I won't rest till I see him—he wants comfort—the old man's heart will break."

"I heard them say," replied the turnkey, after they had entered the cell allotted to him, "that he was in a faint in Mat Corrigan's public-house, but that he had recovered. I'll go myself and bring him in to you."

"Do," said Connor, "an' leave us the moment you bring him."

It was more than an hour before the man returned, holding Fardorougha by the arm, and, after having left him in the cell, he instantly locked it outside, and withdrew as he had been desired. Connor ran to support his tottering steps; and wofully indeed did that unfortunate parent stand in need of his assistance. In the picture presented by Fardorougha the unhappy young man forgot in a moment his own miserable and gloomy fate. There blazed in his father's eyes an excitement at once dead and wild—a vague fire without character, yet stirred by an incomprehensible energy wholly beyond the usual manifestations of thought or suffering. The son on beholding him shuddered, and not for the first time, for he had on one or two occasions before become apprehensive that his father's mind might, if strongly pressed, be worn down, by the singular conflict of which it was the scene, to that most frightful of all maladies—insanity. As the old man, however, folded him in his feeble arms, and attempted to express what he felt, the unhappy boy groaned aloud, and felt even

in the depth of his cell, a blush of momentary shame suffuse his cheek and brow. His father, notwithstanding the sentence that had been so shortly before passed upon his son—that father, he perceived to be absolutely intoxicated, or, to use a more appropriate expression, decidedly drunk. There was less blame, however, to be attached to Fardorougha on this occasion, than Connor imagined. When the old man swooned in the court-house, he was taken by his neighbors to a public-house, where he lay for some minutes in a state of insensibility. On his recovery he was plied with burnt whiskey, as well to restore his strength and prevent a relapse, as upon the principle that it would enable him to sustain with more firmness the dreadful and shocking destiny which awaited his son. Actuated by motives of mistaken kindness, they poured between two and three glasses of this fiery cordial down his throat, which, as he had not taken so much during the lapse of thirty years before, soon reduced the feeble old man to the condition in which we have described him when entering the gloomy cell of the prisoner.

"Father," said Connor, "in the name of Heaven above, who or what has put you into this dreadful state, especially when we consider the hard, hard fate that is over us, and upon us?"

"Connor," returned Fardorougha, not perceiving the drift of his question, "Connor, my son, I'll hang—hang him, that's one comfort."

"Who are you spaking about?"

"The villain sentence was past on to—to-day. He'll swing—swing for the robbery; P—e will. We got him back out of that nest of robbers, the Isle o' Man—o' Man they call it—that he made off to, the villain!"

"Father dear, I'm sorry to see you in this state on such a day—such a black day to us. For your sake I am. What will the world say of it?"

"Connor, I'm in great spirits all out, exceptin' for something that I forget, that—that—li—lies heavy upon me. That I may n't sin, but I am—I am, indeed—for now that we've catch him, we'll hang the villain up. Ha, ha, ha, it's a pleasant sight to see sich a fellow dangle from a rope!"

"Father sit down here, sit down upon this bad and comfortless bed, and keep yourself quiet for a little. Maybe you'll be better soon. Oh, why did you drink, and us in such trouble?"

"I'll not sit down; I'm very well able to stand," said he, tottering across the room. "The villain thought to starve me, Connor, but you heard the sentence that was passed on him to-day. Where's Honor, from me? she'll be glad whin—whin she hears it, and my son, Connor, will too—but he's, he's—where is Connor?—bring me, bring me to Connor. Ah, avourneen, Honor's heart's breaking for him—'t any rate, the mother's heart—the mother's heart—she's laid low wid an achin', sorrowful head for her boy."

"Father, for God's sake, will you try and rest a little? If you could sleep, father dear, if you could sleep."

"I'll hang P—e—I'll hang him—but if he gives me back my money, I'll not touch him. Who are you?"

"Father dear, I'm Connor, your own son, Connor."

"I'll marry you and Una, then. I'll settle all the villain robbed me of on you, and you'll have every penny of it *after my death*. Don't be keepin' me up, I can walk very well; ay, an' I'm in right good spirits. Sure, the money's got, Con-



nor—got back every skilleen of it. Ha, ha, ha, God be praised! God be praised! We've a right to be thankful—the world is n't so bad after all."

"Father, will you try and rest?"

"It's not bad, after all—I won't starve, as I thought I would, now that the *arrighad* is got back from the villain. Ha, ha, ha, it's great—it's great, Connor, ahagur!"

"What is it, father dear?"

"Connor, sing me a song—my heart's up—it's light—arn't you glad!—sing me a song."

"If you'll sleep first, father dear."

"The *Uligone*, Connor, or *Shuilagra*, or the *Trougha*—for, avourneen, avourneen, there must be sorrow in it, for my heart's low, and your mother's heart's in sorrow, and she's lyin' far from us, an' her boy's not near her, an' her heart's sore, sore, and her head achin', bekase her boy's far from her, and she can't come to him!"

The boy, whose noble fortitude was unshaken during the formidable trial it had encountered in the course of that day, now felt overcome by this simple allusion to his mother's love. He threw his arms about his father's neck, and, placing his head upon his bosom, wept aloud for many, many minutes.

"Hush, Connor, hush, asthore—what makes you cry! Sure, all 'ill be right now that we've got back the money. Eh! Ha, ha, ha, it's great luck, Connor, is n't it great? An' you'll have it, you an' Una, *after my death*—for I won't starve for e'er a one o' yees."

"Father, father, I wish you would rest."

"Well, I will, avick, I will—bring me to bed—you'll sleep in your own bed to-night. Your poor mother's head has n't been off o' the place where your own lay, Connor. No, indeed; her heart's low—it's breakin'—it's breakin'—but she won't let anybody make your bed but herself. Oh, the mother's love, Connor—that mother's love that mother's love—but, Connor—"

"Well, father, dear."

"Is n't there something wrong, avick? is n't there something not right, somehow?"

This question occasioned the son to feel as if his heart would literally burst to pieces, especially when he considered the circumstances under which the old man put it. Indeed, there was something so transcendently appalling in his intoxication, and in the wild but affecting tone of his conversation, that, when joined to his pallid and spectral appearance, it gave a character, for the time being, of a mood that struck the heart with an image more frightful than that of madness itself.

"Wrong, father!" he replied, "all's wrong, and I can't understand it. It's well for you that you don't know the doom that's upon us now, for I feel how it would bring you down, and how it will, too. It will kill you, my father—it will kill you."

"Connor, come home, avick, come home—I'm tired at any rate—come home to your mother—come, for her sake—I know I'm not at home, an' she'll not rest till I bring you safe back to her. Come now, I'll have no put-offs—you must come, I say—I order you—I can't and won't meet her widout you. Come, avick, an' you can sing me the song goin' home—come wid your own poor old father, that can't live widout you—come, a *sullish machree*, I don't feel right here—we won't

be properly happy till we go to your lovin' mother."

"Father, father, you don't know what you're making me suffer! What heart, blessed Heaven, can bear—"

The door of his cell here opened, and the turn-key stated that some five or six of his friends were anxious to see him, and, above all things, to take charge of his father to his own home. This was a manifest relief to the young man, who then felt more deeply on his unhappy father's account than on his own.

"Some foolish friends," said he, "have given my father liquor, an' it has got into his head—indeed, it overcame him the more, as I never remember him to taste a drop of spirits during his life before. I can see nobody now an' him in this state; but if they wish me well, let them take care of him, and leave him safe at his own house, and tell them I'll be glad if I can see them tomorrow, or any other time."

With considerable difficulty Fardorougha was removed from Connor, whom he clung to with all his strength, attempting also to drag him away. He then wept bitterly, because he declined to accompany him home, that he might comfort his mother, and enjoy the imagined recovery of his money from P—e, and the conviction which he believed they had just succeeded in getting against that notorious defaulter.

After they had departed, Connor sat down upon his hard pallet, and, supporting his head with his hand, saw, for the first time, in all its magnitude and horror, the death to which he found himself now doomed. The excitement occasioned by his trial, and his increasing firmness, as it darkened on through all its stages to the final sentence, now had in a considerable degree abandoned him, and left his heart, at present, more accessible to natural weakness than it had been, to the power of his own affections. The image of his early-loved Una had seldom since his arrest been out of his imagination. Her youth, her beauty, her wild but natural grace, and the flashing glances of her dark enthusiastic eye, when joined to her tenderness and boundless affection for himself—all caused his heart to quiver with deadly anguish through every fibre. This produced a transition to Flanagan—the contemplation of whose perfidious vengeance made him spring from his seat in a paroxysm of indignant but intense hatred, so utterly furious that the swelling tempest which it sent through his veins caused him to reel with absolute giddiness.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "you are just, and will this be suffered!"

He then thought of his parents, and the fiery mood of his mind changed to one of melancholy and sorrow. He looked back upon his aged father's enduring struggle—upon the battle of the old man's heart against the accursed vice which had swayed its impulses so long—on the protracted conflict between the two energies, which, like contending armies in the field, had now left little but ruin and desolation behind them. His heart, when he brought all these things near him, expanded, and like a bird, folded its wings about the gray-haired martyr to the love he bore him. But his mother—the caressing, the proud, the affectionate, whose heart, in the vivid tenderness of hope for her beloved boy, had shaped out his path in life, as that on which she could brood with the fond-

ness of a loving and delighted spirit—that mother's image, and the idea of her sorrows prostrated his whole strength, like that of a stricken infant, to the earth.

"Mother, mother," he exclaimed, "when I think of what you reared me for, and what I am this night, how can my heart do otherwise than break, as well on your account as on my own, and for all that love us! Oh! what will become of you, my blessed mother! Hard does it go with you that you're not about your pride, as you used to call me, now that I'm in this trouble, in this fate that is soon to cut me down from your loving arms! The thought of you is dear to my heart, dear, dearer, dearer than that of any—than my own Una. What will become of *her*, too, and the old man! Oh, why, why is it that the death I am to suffer is to fall so heavily on them that love me best!"

He then returned to his bed, but the cold and dreary images of death and ruin haunted his imagination, until the night was far spent, when at length he fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

By the sympathy expressed at his trial, our readers may easily conceive the profound sorrow which was felt for him, in the district where he was known, from the moment the knowledge of his sentence had gone abroad among the people. This was much strengthened by that which, whether in man or woman, never fails to create an amiable prejudice in its favor—I mean youth and personal beauty. His whole previous character was now canvassed with a mournful lenity that brought out his virtues into beautiful relief; and the fate of the affectionate son was deplored no less than that of the youthful, but rash and inconsiderate lover. Neither was the father without his share of compassion, for they could not forget that, despite of all his penury and extortion, the old man's heart had been fixed, with a strong but uncouth affection, upon his amiable and only boy. It was, however, when they thought of his mother, in whose heart of hearts he had been enshrined as the idol of her whole affection, that their spirits became truly touched. Many a mother assumed in her own person, by the force of imagination, the sinking woman's misery, and poured forth, in unavailing tears, the undeniable proofs of the sincerity with which she participated in Honor's bereavement. As for Flanagan, a deadly weight of odium, such as is peculiar to the *Informer* in Ireland, fell upon both him and his. Nor was this all. Aided by that sagacity which is so conspicuous in Irishmen, when a vindictive or hostile feeling is excited among them, they depicted Flanagan's character with an accuracy and truth astonishingly correct and intuitive. Numerous were the instances of cowardice, treachery, and revenge remembered against him, by those who had been his close and early companions, not one of which would have ever occurred to them, were it not that their minds had been thrown back upon the scrutiny by the melancholy fate in which he had involved the unhappy Connor O'Donovan. Had he been a mere ordinary witness in the matter, he would have experienced little of this boiling indignation at their hands; but first to participate in the guilt, and afterwards, for the sake of the reward, or from a worse and more flagitious motive, to turn upon him, and become his accuser, even to the taking away the young man's life—to *stag* against his companion and accomplice—this was looked upon as a crime ten thousand times more

black and damnable than that for which the unhappy culprit had been consigned to so shameful a death.

But, alas, of what avail was all this sympathy and indignation to the unfortunate youth himself, or to those most deeply interested in his fate? Would not the very love and sorrow felt towards her son fall upon his mother's heart with a heavier weight of bitterness and agony? Would not his Una's soul be wounded on that account with a sharper and more deadly pang of despair and misery? It would, indeed, be difficult to say whether the house of Bodagh Buie or that of Fardorougha was then in the deeper sorrow. On the morning of Connor's trial Una arose at an earlier hour than usual, and it was observed when she sat at breakfast, that her cheek was at one moment pale as death, and again flushed and feverish. These symptoms were first perceived by her affectionate brother, who, on witnessing the mistakes she made in pouring out the tea, exchanged a glance with his parents, and afterwards asked her to allow him to take her place. She laid down the tea-pot, and, looking him mournfully in the face, attempted to smile at a request so unusual.

"Una, dear," said he, "you must allow me. There is no necessity for attempting to conceal what you feel—we all know it—and if we did not, the fact of your having filled the sugar-bowl instead of the tea-cup would soon discover it."

She said nothing, but looked at him again, as if she scarcely comprehended what he said. A glance, however, at the sugar-bowl convinced her that she was incapable of performing the usual duties of the breakfast table. Hitherto she had not raised her eyes to her father or mother's face, nor spoken to them as had been her wont, when meeting at that strictly domestic meal. The unrestrained sobbings of the mother now aroused her for the first time, and, on looking up, she saw her father wiping away the big tears from his eyes.

"Una, avourneen," said the worthy man, "let John make tay for us—for, God help you, you can't do it. Don't fret, achora machree, don't, don't, Una; as God is over me, I'd give all I'm worth to save him, for your sake."

She looked at her father and smiled again; but that smile cut him to the heart.

"I will make the tea myself, father," she replied, "and I *won't* commit any more mistakes;" and as she spoke she unconsciously poured the tea into the slop-bowl.

"Avourneen," said her mother, "let John do it; acushla machree, let him do it."

She then rose, and without uttering a word, passively and silently placed herself on her brother's chair—he having, at the same time, taken that on which she sat.

"Una," said her father, taking her hand, "you must be a good girl, and you must have courage; and whatever happens, my darling, you'll pluck up strength, I hope, and bear it."

"I hope so, father," said she, "I hope so."

"But, avourneen machree," said her mother, "I would rather see you cryin' fifty times over, than smilin' the way you do."

"Mother," said she, "my heart is sore—my heart is sore."

"It is, ahagur machree; and your hand is tremblin' so much that you can't bring the tay-cup to your mouth; but, then, don't smile so sorrowfully, *ainin machree*."

"Why should I cry, mother?" she replied; "I

know that Connor is innocent. If I knew him to be guilty, I would weep, and I ought to weep."

"At all events, Una," said her father, "you know it's the government, and not us, that's prosecuting him."

To this Una made no reply, but, thrusting away her cup, she looked with the same mournful smile from one to another of the little circle about her. At length she spoke.

"Father, I have a request to ask of you."

"If it's within my power, Una darling, I'll grant it; and if it's not, it'll go hard with me but I'll bring it within my power. What is it, asthore machree?"

"In case he's found guilty, to let John put off his journey to Maynooth, and stay with me for some time—it won't be long I'll keep him."

"If it pleases you, darling, he'll never put his foot into Maynooth again."

"No," said the mother, "*dhamho* to the step, if you don't wish him."

"Oh, no, no," said Una, "it's only for a while."

"Unless she desires it, I will never go," replied the loving brother; "nor will I ever leave you in your sorrow, my beloved and only sister—never—never—so long as a word from my lips can give you consolation."

The warm tears coursed each other down his cheeks as he spoke, and both his parents, on looking at the almost blighted flower before them, wept as if the hand of death had already been upon her.

"You, father, and John are going to his trial," she observed; "for me I like to be alone;—alone; but when you return to-night, let John break it to me. I'll go now to the garden. I'll walk about to-day—only before you go, John, I want to speak to you."

Calmly and without a tear, she then left the parlor, and proceeded to the garden, where she began

to dress and ornament the hive which contained the swarm that Connor had brought to her on the day their mutual attachment was first disclosed to each other.

"Father," said John, when she was gone, "I'm afraid that Una's heart is broken, or if not broken, that she won't survive his conviction long—it's breaking fast—for my part, in her present state, I neither will nor can leave her."

The affectionate father made no reply, but, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, wept, as did her mother, in silent but bitter grief.

"I cannot spake about it, nor think of it, John," said he, after some time, "but we must do what we can for her."

"If anything happens her," said the mother, "I'd never get over it. Oh merciful Saviour! how could we live without her?"

"I would rather see her in tears," said John—"I would rather see her in outrageous grief a thousand times than in the calm but ghastly resolution with which she is bearing herself up against the trial of this day. If he's condemned to death, I'm afraid that either her health or reason will sink under it, and, in that case, God pity her and us, for how, as you say, mother, could we afford to lose her? Still let us hope for the best. Father, it's time to prepare; get the car ready. I am going to the garden, to hear what the poor thing has to say to me, but I will be with you soon."

Her brother found her, as we have said, engaged calmly, and with a melancholy pleasure, in adorning the hive which, on Connor's account, had become her favorite. He was not at all sorry that she had proposed this short interview, for, as his hopes of Connor's acquittal were but feeble, if, indeed, he could truly be said to entertain any, he resolved, by delicately communicating his apprehensions, to gradually prepare her mind for the worst that might happen.

From Vincent Bourne.

#### LAUGHTER ALL—AND FOR ALL.

ALAS! the glory of historic page—  
The fame of heroes scarce lives half an age;  
How ends in ridicule the pride of story,  
Glory how empty—if it be but glory!  
Pompey, a mastiff, watches near your hall,  
And bull-dog Caesar guards a butcher's stall.  
Rivals of old, they show the self-same spite;  
Throw them a bone, and for a bone they fight.  
Scipio, the bolt of war, a vulgar hound,  
Flies at a bull and pins him to the ground.  
Hector, once Troy's defender, now a dog,  
Defends your cabbages from man and hog.  
Have you a savage brute you cannot tame?  
You very aptly give him Nero's name;  
A surly terrier, all night long he howls,  
And keeps from thieves your fleeces and your fowls.

O mockery of man's heroic line!  
Cato a sheep-dog! Brutus worries swine!  
Gods quaff no nectar now from golden cups;  
Celestials have their downs, and brutes their ups;  
Olympus litters nothing now but pups.  
Juno, Diana, Venus, once the pets  
Of mighty poets, now of vain coquettes,  
Are fondled lapdogs—carried everywhere,  
In coach to church, or to the theatre.  
Should fate Democritus to life restore,  
To see so wondrous change, he'd laugh the more,  
And louder than he ever laughed before.

From Household Words.

#### HOPE.

AN EPIGRAM.

SWEET Hope of life, where shouldst thou dwell?  
Not with the eagle on the rock,  
The civic strife, or battle shock,  
But near thy sister Truth's deep well;  
Midst shadowy woods and grassy lanes,  
Where tenderness with beauty reigns,  
And heaven's bright silence breeds a voice within!  
This be life's care to win,  
Its noblest scope—  
But not in solitude—alone—sweet Hope!

From Vincent Bourne.

#### NOT WHAT YOU SEEM.

BEFORE your fire, too dull to purr,  
Sits madam puss—her eyes she closes,  
And tucks her paws beneath her fur,  
And indolently stupid dozes.

Who would believe she e'er could frolic?  
To see her look so grave, and smitten  
With that indifference melancholic,  
Or think she ever was a kitten?

Demurest cats, grave, old, and gray,  
Know they have tails, tho' loth to whisk 'em,  
You to amuse with wanton way,  
Choose their own time and place to frisk 'em.

From Chambers' Journal.

## NEURALGIA.\*

OBSTRUCTIVES and sceptics are in one sense benefactors; although they do not generally originate improved modes of thought and action, they at least prevent the adoption of crude theories and ill-digested measures. To meet the criticism of these opponents, inventive genius must more carefully bring its ideas and plans to the test of practical experiment and thorough investigation; and, as truth must ultimately prevail, it cannot be considered unjust or injurious to insist upon its presenting its credentials. This is, we submit, one of the benefits resulting from schools, colleges, and guilds; it is difficult to impress them with novel truths; but in a great degree they act as breakwaters to the waves of error. In no department of social life is this doctrine better illustrated than in the medical profession, which is among the keenest and most sceptical of bodies in scrutinizing novelty; but it has rarely allowed any real improvement to remain permanently untested and unadopted. We believe this to be the fair view to take of a class of scientific men who have certainly had a large share of sarcasm to endure.

General readers, for whom we profess to cater, take no great interest in medical subjects and discussions; but, as historians of what is doing in the world of art, science, and literature, we think it our duty to record, in a brief way, any information we can collect that may be beneficial to the suffering portion of humanity; and in this "miserable world" it is most probable that one fourth part of our readers are invalids. Why should they not have their little troubles, whims, and maladies studied and cared for? The disease which gives a title to this short notice is perhaps one of the most mysterious and vexatious to which our nature is liable; both its cause and cure are equally occult, and its *modus operandi* is scarcely intelligible. A contemporary thus playfully alludes to the subject in terms more funny than precise:—"What is neuralgia? A nervous spasm, the cause of which has, however, not been satisfactorily and conclusively demonstrated; but we may, perhaps, obtain a clearer view of its nature, if we look upon it as connected with 'morbid nutrition.' Every one knows that the system is, or ought to be, constantly subject to a law of waste and repair; and if the operation of this law is impeded by 'cold,' 'mental excitement,' or any other baneful condition, diseases more or less unpleasant must ensue. The *vis natura* uses certain particles of matter in forming nerves; others in forming membrane, bones, juices, &c.; while used-up particles are expelled altogether from the system. We can readily conceive that each order of atoms is used by a distinct function, and has a different mission; and any morbid perversion or mingling of their separate destinies must end in disorder and suffering—nature's violent endeavor to restore the regularity of her operations. A cough is simply an effort of the lungs or bronchiæ to remove some offending intruder that ought to be doing duty elsewhere; and may we not call neuralgia a cough

of a nerve to get rid of a disagreeable oppression—nature's legitimate *coup d'état* to put down and transport those 'red socialist' particles that would interfere with the regularity of its constitution? Let us fancy, for a moment, a delicate little army of atoms marching obediently along, to form new nerve in place of the substance that is wasting away; another little army of carbonaceous particles have just received orders to pack up their luggage and be off, to make way for the advancing nerve-battalion; but in their exodus they are met by a fierce destroyer, in the shape of an east-wind—a Caffre that suddenly throws the ranks of General Carbon into disorder, and drives them back upon the brilliant and pugnacious array of General Nerve; a battle-royal is the result. General Nerve immediately places lance in rest, and advances to the charge with the unsparing war-cry of, 'Mr. Ferguson, you don't lodge here!' and if Caffre East-wind is not despised and trifled with, he is generally beaten for a time; but great are the sufferings of humanity—the scene of this encounter—while the fight is raging."

Now comes the question. How to get rid of this cruel invader! Dr. Downing has undertaken to give an answer, which we believe to be satisfactory. In addition to the proper medical and hygienic treatment, which is carefully and ably stated in the work before us, Dr. Downing has invented an apparatus which appears to be very efficacious; and we will therefore allow him to describe it in his own words:—"From considering tic douloureux as often a local disease, depending on a state of excessive irritability, sensibility, or spasm of a particular nerve, and, from reflecting upon its causes, and observing the effect of topical sedatives, I was led to the conclusion that the most direct way of quieting this state was by the application of warmth and sedative vapor to the part, so as to soothe the nerves, and calm them into regular action. For this purpose, I devised an apparatus which answers the purpose sufficiently well. It is a kind of fumigating instrument, in which dried herbs are burned, and the heated vapor directed to any part of the body. It is extremely simple in construction, and consists essentially of three parts with their media of connection—a cylinder for igniting the vegetable matter, bellows for maintaining a current of air through the burning material, and tubes and cones for directing and concentrating the stream of vapor. The chief medicinal effects I have noticed in the use of this instrument are those of a sedative character; but its remedial influence is not alone confined to the use of certain herbs. A considerable power is attributable to the warm current or intense heat generated. When the vegetable matter is ignited, and a current of air is made to pass through the burning mass, a small or great degree of heat can be produced at pleasure. Thus, when the hand is gently pressed upon the bellows, a mild, warm stream of vapor is poured forth, which may act as a *douche* to irritable parts; but by strongly and rapidly compressing the same receptacle, the fire within the cylinder is urged like that of a smith's forge, and the blast becomes intensely hot and burning."

Those who wish to know more of this mode of treatment, had better refer to the work itself. We must content ourselves with having simply drawn our readers' attention to it.

\* *Neuralgia; its various Forms, Pathology, and Treatment.* Being the Jacksonian Prize Essay of the Royal College of Surgeons for 1850; with some Additions. By C. Toogood Downing, M.D., M.R.C.S. Churchill, London.